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"Sapper."

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Boyd Cable.

Ian Hay.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"No Man's Land," a new volume of stories by "Sapper," will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

We are indebted to Mr. H. Watt for the loan of the portrait of Ian Hay which we publish in this Number, and to the Editor of *The Patrician* for permission to reproduce the portrait of Boyd Cable.

Under the title of "The Man Who Saw, and Other Poems," Mr. William Watson has made a collection of his war poems which Mr. John Murray is publishing. The book includes the sonnets to America which aroused much heated discussion on their first appearance, and about fifty other poems in diverse keys but all inspired by a passionate patriotism.

Mr. Keble Howard, who knows the world of the theatre from the inside, both as dramatist and as actor, has written a novel of the stage, "The Gay Life," which Mr. John Lane is publishing shortly. A repertory theatre figures in the book, also provincial drama-houses, the music-halls, English and American, and the West-end London stage.

"The Definite Object," Jeffery Farnol's new romance, will be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. early in the autumn.

People are speculating as to the identity of Miss "Clemence Dane," whose brilliant first novel, "Regiment of Women" (Heinemann) is meeting with well-deserved success. Miss "Dane" began her career as a painter. She was brought up in the country, educated at three big schools in England, then, after spending a year in Dresden, was teaching at a French school in Geneva at the age of sixteen. Thereafter, she had three years at the Slade School, studying painting, and another year of painting at Dresden. She had intended making portrait painting her profession, and still does a good deal of poster work, etc., but gave up that idea because, as she confesses, "it did not pay very well." Following a further period of school teaching, she went on the stage for four or five years, played all sorts of parts on tour; and at the Criterion created the part of Vera Lawrence in Mr. and Mrs. Esmond's "Eliza Comes to Stay," for which production she also painted the posters. Soon after the commencement of the war, her health

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Mr. Joseph Shaylor.

broke down a little, so she left the stage, and with the advice and help of the friend, E. A., to whom "Regiment of Women" is dedicated, tried her hand at fiction. Apart from certain "schoolgirl scribbles," her first novel is her first attempt at producing literature, though she has always been an inveterate reader of anything and everything, from Bergson to the *Boy's Own Paper*.

Everybody concerned with the book trade heard with regret, last month, of Mr. Joseph Shaylor's retirement from the managing-directorship of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., but the regret was tempered by a knowledge that he was not retiring for reasons of ill-health or of age, but simply because he considered that at seventy-three, after sixty years of strenuous work, he had earned the right to take life a little easier. His interest in everything concerning literature and the production of books is as keen as ever; he is as untired and active as most men who are only half his age, and though he was resolved on putting off the yoke of formal business, one may safely depend that he has no notion of settling down to a future of nothing but leisure. Mr. Shaylor was born in Gloucestershire and, after a seven years' apprenticeship to a bookseller in his native place, came to London to take up an appointment in the famous house with which he has just completed fifty-three years of service. All along he has been the better and more successful bookseller because he has been also a whole hearted book-lover, with a fine sense for what is good in literature as well as for what is saleable. These two sides of his character reveal themselves in his delightful volume, "The Fascination of Books," which was published in 1912. There he takes you, with the ease and thoroughness of one whose business is his pleasure, through the ramifications of book publishing and book distributing, unfolds its past history and modern developments, enlivens his pages with anecdotes of authors and publishers, and, incidentally, gives you glimpses of the joy he has found in the books it has been his life-work to handle. In one chapter, "Nineteenth Century Book Distributing," he has written an intimate and interesting record of the founding and growth of his own firm, but characteristically tells you never a word of his own share in its achievements, though he brings its story down to date. He takes with him into his retirement the good will and the affection of all who know him, and it may help to reconcile us to his going if one result of his escape from the everyday grind is a book of personal recollections into which he shall gather the memories and experiences of his more than half a century of close association with the world of literature and those who live in it and by it. He still remains a director of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and will be succeeded in the place he has vacated by his son, Mr. Harold Shaylor, who has for long past been connected with the firm, latterly as head of the publishing department, and was made a director two or three years ago.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Harold Shaylor.**

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson have published Rupert Brooke's "Selected Poems" (3s. 6d. net) in a handy pocket edition, with a frontispiece portrait.

Mr. George Moore's latest book, "The Brook Kerith," is being translated into Russian. "This," says the English publisher of the book, Mr. Werner Laurie, "is the first literary fruit of the Revolution in Russia, and it is significant that they have selected a work which is in revolt against bondage to dogma and doctrine."

A book for the day which Mr. Laurie is publishing is "Women's Work in War-Time," compiled and edited by Mrs. N. F. Usborne. It is a handbook of employments open to women, from that of the doctor to the munition maker, from the pharmacist to the bus conductor.

Miss Marjorie Benton Cooke,
whose new novel, "The Girl who Lived in the Woods" (Jarrold), is reviewed in this Number.

Second-Lieutenant Frederick William Palmer, of the Royal Fusiliers, who has been awarded the V.C. for what is justly described as one of the bravest acts of the war, in rallying his men and holding a barricade for three hours against seven determined counter-attacks, is the first publisher in history who has won this coveted honour. He was for some time with the firm of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and later, down to two years ago, was Mr. Erskine Macdonald's manager. He is the brother of Mr. Cecil Palmer, of the firm of Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

Miss Margaret Strickland, whose new novel, "Elusive Peg" (Angold), we review in this Number, is a niece of Agnes Strickland, whose "Lives of the Queens of England," and other such histories, enjoyed an enormous popularity with mid-Victorian readers. "Elusive Peg" is Miss Strickland's first novel, but she has for some while past been a frequent contributor to the magazines, and last year Messrs. Angold published a volume of her short stories, "Tales of Temptation," which met with a considerable success and is shortly to be issued in a new edition.

Photo by Dorothy Hickling. **Miss Phyllis Bottome,**
whose new novel, "Secretly Armed" (Chapman & Hall), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

Mr. Frederick William Palmer.

We learn with deep regret that Mr. Edward Thomas, the well-known essayist and critic, has been killed in action in France. He entered the Artists' Rifles early in 1915, and went to France as a Lieutenant in the Royal Garrison Artillery. He was for very many years past a frequent contributor to THE BOOKMAN, his last reviews for us being written in the first few months after he had joined the Army. A new book by Mr. Thomas is in the press, and we shall take the occasion of its appearance to pay due tribute to his memory.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Edward Thomas.**

Messrs. Methuen are publishing the book he finished before he went to France, "A Literary Pilgrim in England."

R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

By Kineton Parkes.

Robert Murray Gilchrist lived less than half a century, and he dwelt in a remote situation and seldom visited London or other cities. Sheffield was his birthplace: his home was for a number of years, Cartledge Hall, Holmesfield, a few miles out of Sheffield, near to the Derbyshire moors he loved so passionately. He had few acquaintances therefore, but he had a number of friends, and the force of his friendship was so strong that he never lost one. They have happy memories of him—and they have his letters, many letters, all written in a most beautiful caligraphy. The early ones—a good many of which I possess—were written on the small gilt-edged sheets of notepaper and placed in the small oblong envelopes belonging to an earlier day. Everything that Murray Gilchrist did had that note. His favourite reading; his music; his songs—he played the pianoforte and he had a good voice—all were of an earlier time. So also were his first books, and indeed, of his later ones, it may be said that they were one and all infused with that feeling that you had of the writer personally, that he belonged to earlier and less sophisticated days.

It was in 1890 that his first novel, "Passion the Plaything," appeared, and it was from a review I wrote of that beautiful book that my friendship with its author began. In the following year, characteristically, Murray Gilchrist asked me to meet him on the road over Axe Edge—some six miles from Buxton, on the way into North Staffordshire. A great figure in Scottish tweeds came towards me over the moor; striding, in knickerbockers, hat in hand, revealing the finest forehead I have ever seen; a lock of auburn hair drawn down over it to qualify its wonderful height; the biggest and gentlest man I have ever known. I had just gone to live in North Staffordshire then, and Gilchrist had just gone to live at Haycliff Nook, above Eyam in Derbyshire, with the friend who remained his house-mate to the end.

In 1893, "Frangipanni," his second book, appeared: its scene was laid at Bakewell. We stayed together there at the Rutland Arms, and the book was mine by dedication. Gilchrist was writing now a series of extraordinary stories in *The National Observer*: Henley had discovered him. In 1894 these stories and others came out in a volume called "The Stone Dragon, and Other Tragic Romances"; it was dedicated to his friend, George Alfred Garfitt. There is no volume of short stories in the language like this: it is astonishing in its virtuosity. These three books completed the first period of Gilchrist's work.

To the second period belong the series of short stories which were contributed to *The Speaker*, *The Sunday Chronicle*, and other papers and magazines. They were all collected and added to, and came out in volume form. "A Peakland Faggot" was the first, "Good-bye to Market" the last. There were important novels published in the same period, such as "Willowbrake," "The Labyrinth," and "The Gentle Thespians." It was to the short stories, however, that Gilchrist owed his popularity. The last period comprises "Willowford Woods," "Roadknight," and last book of all, published a week before his death, "Honeysuckle Love." In these last works, Gilchrist seems to have combined his earliest manner with the more realistic methods of the middle period. In all, we have some twenty-seven volumes from his pen—one for each year of his writing life. He did much other work, too, but most of it remained unpublished in volume form and will continue so to remain. He had a fine power of selection, and he exercised it on his own work rigorously.

THE READER.

SWINBURNE.*

By Laurence Binyon.

"HOW more than satisfactorily the good Queen's Jubilee has gone off! Watts and I both think that the genuine and really beautiful success of it . . ."

Who would have expected to find that this gently cooing voice was the voice of the legendary rebel, the life-long republican, Swinburne? But there is a good deal that is not altogether expected in the letters which Mrs. Disney Leith has published. They are letters of all periods in the poet's life addressed to members of his family. The printed arrangement, or disarrangement, of them, has no reference to order of date; but Mrs. Disney Leith has published them—a selection from many more—partly with the idea of showing how little time affected Swinburne's character, partly also to correct the current legend of his life. They certainly show Swinburne in a beautiful relation to his mother, with whom he was at once frank and devotedly tender to the last, and are worth reading, if only on that account. Mrs. Disney Leith's own account of her cousin's boyhood, when they were playmates, agreeably pictures the poet for us as a boy of unaffected charm, high-spirited and enthusiastic, though with no particular promise of great achievement. Very few, however, will agree with her that the Putney period was the time of the poet's best production: and this little volume, if it had been all the record left, would indeed have given a curiously incomplete idea of the real Swinburne.

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

A. C. Swinburne
ætat. 25.

From "The Boyhood of A. C. Swinburne," by Mrs. Disney Leith (Chatto & Windus).

Happily, we now have Mr. Gosse's "Life" to turn to; and this complete picture of the poet, with all his weaknesses and eccentricities, is a great deal more impressive, and really more attractive, than the water-colour vignette of the other volume. Mr. Gosse's biography will doubtless take permanent rank, for it is a model of its kind and delightfully written. The task must have been anything but easy; but Mr. Gosse has taken such pains to collect his material, and has handled it with so much skill, tact, and insight, that few of his readers will be conscious of the difficulties of his theme. Above all, we are grateful to him for the sense of proportion and the succinctness which make this book a shining example among the mass of latter-day memoirs, with their trailing irrelevancies, their impertinent bulk, their vast capacity to bore.

It is generally assumed that men of action are better subjects for biography than men of letters or artists. They are easier subjects. But when genius is in question, it matters little whether the biographer has to deal with actions or productions; the inner promptings and sources of these, the relation of the inner man to his outward effectuation and his reaction to circumstances, that is the crucial interest. But in the case of a poet these psychological relations and reactions are sometimes so subtle as to baffle analysis, and reduce us to conjecture. Wordsworth, at a casual view, seems an explicable sort of man, in whom the genius was a kind of accident; but what mysteries and strangenesses were in him, and how we realised them in reading, last year, Mr. Harper's "Life," with all its new material! (Pity, by the way, that Mr. Harper had not Mr. Gosse's mastery of treatment!) No two poets could be more unlike than Wordsworth and Swinburne, either in character or gift, yet both present a similar problem, both make us ask what it was that came over them in middle life and affected their genius from within or from without. The change is disguised in Swinburne by his extraordinary virtuosity. Wordsworth, deserted by his inspiration, falls to earth frankly and unmistakably. But Swinburne, to the end, had always at command an amazing flow of melodious language which, at any rate, had the air of inspired poetry. It is only when we examine his poetry as a whole that we are aware how much his later work—with some notable exceptions—tended to be a weaker repetition of early triumphs; how his faults and his facility both gained on him. He did not recant his youthful creed as

* "The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne." By Edmund Gosse, C.B. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"The Boyhood of Algernon Charles Swinburne." By his cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

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Wordsworth did, but after a certain period he grew no more. But from what Mr. Gosse tells us, there seems to have been a certain mental fixity in him from the first, which hardened over his genius like a shell. And, in later years, he grew more and more rigidly detached from life and from the interests of a new generation.

Swinburne was not precocious as a poet, though his passion for books was very early shown. As a schoolboy he caught that infatuation with the Elizabethan dramatists which remained with him to the last, and had (as I think) so baneful an influence on his work. From his grandfather he imbibed his republicanism. At Eton he seems to have been happy. His courage and dignity protected him from the persecution which his smallness and strange appearance might have provoked from the intolerant schoolboy. But of Oxford he had no cherished memories. He tried for the Newdigate, and his failure seems to have caused a lasting bitterness. That he should have been vexed and angry is only natural, for to judge by the specimen of his poem which Mr. Gosse now gives us for the first time, it was far better than most successful Newdigates, and shows already the distinctive style, the brilliance and exuberant diction of the mature Swinburne. But a peculiar gift of rancour was, with Swinburne, the reverse side of an extravagant loyalty. He very rarely forgave. It was only through Jowett (one of his best friends) that he escaped being formally sent down from Oxford. In old age, Swinburne remarked on the "uncanny" parallel between himself and Shelley—both of the same class, both at Eton, both cast out from Oxford, both preaching the same views in their poems. Yet how great was the real difference between them! Where Swinburne was intoxicated with the Elizabethans and with Hugo, Shelley was intoxicated with the marvels of chemistry and the dream of perfecting mankind. Indeed, Swinburne was the most literary of all our poets, though the joy of mere living was very strong in him. His gift for vituperation is well known, and the quarrels of his later years provoked him to almost incredible outbursts. But Mr. Gosse bids us note the expression of a friend on one occasion—"He was not really angry"—and suggests that "it was the opportunity to blaze in invective" which he could not resist. And we may note also Meredith's remarkable criticism: "He is not subtle; and I don't see any internal centre from which springs anything that he does." Meredith, perhaps, there lays his finger on Swinburne's fundamental defect. He responded with extreme sensibility to certain ideas and suggestions, but it is as if he were wrapt round with a mass of inflammable matter which blazed forth in astonishing splendour, but never quite (or very seldom) revealed the inmost human core. Yet perhaps we ought not to call it a defect, since probably it was to this peculiarity of mental constitution that we owe the special type of poetry, incomparable of its kind, which Swinburne added to the glories of English song. One may speculate, however, on the question whether more acute personal experience of life might not have forced from him a cry of the heart in deeper and more intimate notes of music, and perhaps saved him from the vociferous repetition which grew upon him when his lyrical impetuosity had nothing but well-worn channels to flow in. His gift needed the resistance of new matter. Except for a brief, unhappy love-affair, celebrated in "The Triumph of Time," his strongest emotional experiences seem to have been his literary enthusiasms; and for the last thirty years of his life he led "an absolutely detached existence," and told Mr. Gosse that he regarded current novels not as literature, but as life; they "took the place of real adventures."

THE EARLY ITALIAN POETS
from Ciullo d'Alcamo to Dante Alighieri
translated by D. Gabriel Rossetti.
London. Smith, Elder & Co. 1861

Portrait of Swinburne

In a design by D. G. Rossetti for a frontispiece to "The Early Italian Poets." Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

From "The Life of Swinburne," by Edmund Gosse (Macmillan).

Absence of events is one of the reasons which must have made this biography so difficult a task. But Mr. Gosse has succeeded in making it alive and interesting throughout. Though by no means blind to Swinburne's faults, he writes of him always with affection and admiration. And his own friendship with the poet gives the life an intimacy of first-hand knowledge which adds immensely to its value. Of the riotousness which nearly brought Swinburne's life to an untimely end he gives but guarded glimpses, and will disappoint those who expect to find a permanent record here of some of those many

floating legends of the poet's entertaining onslaughts on Propriety. Not that amusing stories are wanting, and they do not lose by Mr. Gosse's happy vivacity of style. I have no space to quote from these, but cannot resist the delightful description of his first interview with Swinburne in the studio of Ford Madox Brown:

"He was not quite like a human being. Moreover the dead pallor of his face and his floating balloon of red hair, had already, although he was but in his thirty-third year, a faded look. As he talked to me, he stood, perfectly rigid, with his arms shivering at his sides, and his little feet tight against each other, close to a low settee in the middle of the studio. Every now and then, without breaking off talking or bending his body, he hopped on to this sofa, and presently hopped down again, so that I was reminded of some orange-crested bird—a hoopoe, perhaps, hopping from perch to perch in a cage. The contrast between these sudden movements and the enthusiasm of his rich and flute-like voice was very strange."

East Dene, Bonchurch.
The Poet's early home.
From "The Boyhood of A. C. Swinburne," by Mrs. Disney Leith (Chatto & Windus).

Never was a more singular and vivid apparition than this abnormally-gifted creature, "not quite like a human being," with his odd combinations and contradictions of nature, his extravagant eloquence and his reserve, his scandalising audacities and his ceremonious manners, his child-like sweetness and his rancorous fury, who swept a whole generation off its feet with the "splendour and speed" of his torrential verse. He was not fortunate in his date, I think. He was born into the most smugly prosperous period of England's history. Fortune should have given him to an oppressed and struggling country, which he might have electrified into action as d'Annunzio swept Italy into the present war. As it was, he sang his "Songs before Sunrise" for a nation of whose struggles he was only a spectator.

Nothing is more interesting in a poet's biography than his self-criticism. We do not find much of this in Swinburne, and only now and then does he seem conscious of the dangers of his own excessive facility, as when he notes in some verses of his own "a tendency to the dulcet and luscious form of verbosity . . . a flood of effeminate and monotonous music." The "interminableness" of the characteristic Swinburnian lyric is certainly the most insidious enemy of the poet's fame. There is a charming poem in two stanzas in one of his latest volumes, on a child's question, "What is Death?" It is complete, and wants no word more: yet we find Swinburne innocently complaining that he had been interrupted, and prevented from finishing it, having apparently intended another fifteen stanzas or so; for once started there seemed no reason why he should ever stop. This intoxication with his own eloquence is not less obvious in his prose, which grew more and more vicious in style. And this is the greater pity, because, especially where he was in sympathy with his subject, Swinburne was so illuminating and thoughtful a critic. His now little known "Selections from Byron," which I remember coming across with delight as a boy, give a truer insight than Matthew Arnold's into what is really splendid and imperishable in Byron's work. Yet in this case the subject was not really sympathetic to Swinburne. If he had had less flow of language, the hard kernel of thought and scholarship underneath his exuberance, both in poetry and prose, would be far more readily recognised.

I have but touched on a few of the interests of Mr. Gosse's book, which fascinates—and will continue to fascinate—by its vivid presentment of the eternal problem of human personality exemplified in a strange and brilliant being; but my space is run out. I will only add a word of gratitude for the full and scholarly index which completes the volume.

SOLDIERS THREE.

IAN HAY.

By J. P. Collins.

EVEN the doggedest Scot must own that the writings of his countrymen have had a tolerable innings in these latitudes during the past few years, whether they yield the worth of our money or not. Some of us half believe that this success of Caledonia's contemporary fiction is due in this wise—that the growing host of Scots medical men must be in the habit of prescribing it to their patients: hence the restlessness of the age, and incidentally, the war? But this ingenious theory fails to account for the undeniable fact that lots

of people buy Scots fiction who are not invalids, and you certainly need to be well in health to match your risibilities against the books of Ian Hay.

Another pleasant theory is that the shortage of paper is due, not to the war, but to the chronicling thereof. In the five millions of men who have gone through our military "mill" of the past two years and a half, there must be unimaginable numbers who have tried to make a little grist by turning their experiences to account in print. In penmanship, as well as gunmanship, we are therefore beating the Hun at his own game, and, so far as one can learn, only two influences have saved us from the consequences. One is what Milton called the "learned police" of Paternoster Row; the other is the Censor. The Rhadamanthus of Whitehall is not to be named in present company without bated breath, but I venture to think he has compounded for many unutterable crimes by the free hand he has given Ian Hay. When the "Junior Sub" began to handle matters and methods of training in *Blackwood*, some of us used to wonder, month by month, how "Maga" managed to secure him so much freedom. We set ourselves to watch these bold manœuvres in criticism, as if he had been a blockade-runner in the dear old days before blockades became a party shibboleth. The more I read and re-read those fascinating chapters in book form, the more convinced I am that Ian Hay has conquered the officialism of Whitehall by his indefectible good-humour, and the only way to infuse the same congenial quality into our stay-at-home critics of the war is to put them through something of the stern experience that he has undergone. The real cure for pessimism is Hay fever, you may say, and the best antidote I can suggest for war scurrility in Fleet Street would be to give Ian Hay the drilling of a leader-page platoon for several hours a day on the Horse Guards Parade. Let him try it, and while he is about it, let him throw in his friend, Sir John Simon, and a few aerated back-benchers we could all of us name off-hand.

Ian Hay.

Possibly the exuberant cheerfulness which has won so effectually with the Censor is the same quality which has made this incorrigible Scot a prime favourite with English and American readers. We may soon add French as well, for the house of Nelson has just put "La Première Cent Mille" into its handy white pocket series, and it likes me well to think of our friend the "poilu" of immortal memory making acquaintance with Private Dunshie, and Bob Little, and the cynical Wagstaffe in as near a medium to the Doric as good French translation may contrive. It certainly demands an uncommon gift of tongues to put into Gallic text the whimsicalities of "Wee Pe'er" and other exponents of a speech which "almost entirely consists of vowels"; but even if there is any "skrim-shanking" at the dialogue, there is plenty of narrative to enchant the foreign reader, especially where it explains the miraculous warrior element in the "kilties." Mr. Kipling and the classics have tried a hand at the same honourable task of celebrating British bravery in general, and Highland bravery in particular; but too often they seem to have thrown their pens into an open grave, as the poets did into the tomb of Spenser, with something like despair. There is no coining in any prose or verse the secret of that splendid heroism which has put a safety curtain across France and Flanders, and is forcing back upon its haunches mile by mile the evilest power that mortal men have ever had to face. To-day more than in any fighting era of the past, our men are proving that chivalry is the helm of valour, and a gay serenity its fitting crest. British and French were allies in this spirit at least long before the Entente was framed, and the beetle-browed Boche will never learn it if he lives and fights for a thousand years.

Ian Hay, to his honour, has made literature out of camp and barrack life where many men had failed before, and he has created a masterpiece in the very teeth of those gritty and colourless and soulless productions, the text-books of the British Army. But it is more of a triumph still to have put so much spontaneous humour into this conscientious chronicle of a Kitchener unit—the infectious, boyish, and invincible habit of mind he learned as a pupil at Fettes. Last year, when I walked through the stately halls of that noble school, it was in the company of a father who had come to feast his saddened eyes on a well-loved name upon its panelled lists, and the emblazoned name of "Paddy" Blair, with all due honours and degrees, is the index of a memory cherished still, even in the speeding life of a great public school. The rest is silence and a lieutenant's grave at Ypres; but it is on the firm foundation of many a tragedy like this that the abounding gaiety of "The First Hundred Thousand" has been attained. Those same school records bear the achievements of Captain John Hay Beith—which, as everybody knows, is our author's name away from the desk. To dip again and again into that incomparable war-book of his is the best way I know of bringing back vividly to mind the gallant figure of my young Fettes friend, and this is a sterling test of the book's excelling truth to life.

Nor is there any real limit to the adaptability of talent like Ian Hay's. Of late he has played the war ambassador to popular circles in America, and having gone there to instruct them in what we British have been doing, he has come back to teach us that America has not been idle, but, on the contrary, has been helpful, sympathetic, and generous. Read "Getting Together," and you will see how easily and amiably persuasion can be double-edged, and I am sorely mistaken if the sweet reasonableness he put into his discourse out there had not an important share in helping President Wilson to standardise America's opinion and rally his countrymen over the Great Divide.

"SAPPER" AND BOYD CABLE.

By A. St. John Adcock.

IAN HAY, like Patrick MacGill and Neil Lyons, had become famous as a novelist in the old years long before he studied military strategy or could guess he would ever go a-soldiering; but "Sapper" and Boyd Cable, are, as authors, very children of the war; it called them into literary being, and it is possible—though to anyone who has read their books it seems unlikely—that but for the compelling influence of Armageddon they would never have clothed themselves in pseudonyms and risen up as the most intimate historians of the war itself, and the men who are fighting in it. I confess that when I read their stories I can form no idea of how much of them is fact and how little fiction. The comedy and tragedy and strange romance of them are so imaginatively true, even if they are not always actually so, and the characters who take parts in them wear such a convincing air of reality, have such flesh and blood attributes and speak with such natural, human voices, that I am persuaded they are so much like the truth as to be in all essentials true. And these truths embodied in a tale bring the war right home to you as it never can be brought home to you by the most brilliant newspaper reports of raids and battles and an outside observer's descriptions of the progress of a campaign.

"Sapper."

"Sapper" was born no longer ago than 1888. He was educated at Cheltenham, and started on his military career at the Woolwich Royal Military Arsenal in 1905. Two years later he obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers, and was therefore an officer of seven years' standing when he went to France as subaltern in 1914. He received the M.C. for his services at the second battle of Ypres, in which he was gassed. Later, he fought in the battle of Loos; still later in the great advance on the Somme; and he is still on active service, with the rank of Major. That is his record condensed into an official tabloid; fuller details are to be found in his stories, which were mostly written at the Front and are, I am convinced, his personal experiences, whether he gives them as such or as the experiences of other men.

All these stories are collected into three books, "Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R.E.," "The Lieutenant and Others," and "Men, Women and Guns" (a fourth, "No Man's Land," is already in the press). The first appeared less than two years ago. Michael Cassidy is a real creation; the most outstanding figure so far in the fiction of the war. He is a shrewd, genial, masterful sergeant of the Royal Engineers, one of the glorious, little old Army that fought on the great retreat, a man of quaint drollery, whose stories are pungent with the liveliest, rollicking humour, and yet convey to you, casually enough sometimes, and always simply, naturally and without undue emphasis, a poignant sense of the wonderful heroism, the infinite pathos and tragedy that goes along with the war, or follows in its tracks. Such tales as "A Fire in Billets," "Cleanliness is Next to——," or "The Charge of the Cooks," told as only such a man as Cassidy could tell them, are matter for nothing but Homeric laughter; but "The Bridge" is in a widely different key—a thrilling story of self-sacrificing gallantry, that gains in effectiveness from being told in Cassidy's picturesque, colloquial fashion. That deeper note is sounded in other of Cassidy's tales, notably in the last, "Good-Bye and Good Luck," where he pictures the horror and agony of the men lying wounded between the lines, and is reminded in that connection of a story, "almost the finest I have ever heard," and one that brings tears to a reader's eyes, and makes it easy to understand how the German officer witnessing the incident described was moved to spring out from his trench, snatch the Iron Cross from his breast and pin it on to the English officer who fell dead of his wounds before he could get back to his own men. In the same chapter Cassidy passes to a terribly realistic sketch of an officer suffering from shell-shock, and he ends in an unwontedly sombre mood, gathering up, as it were, all the darker threads of his multi-coloured narratives and revealing in a flash an inner vision of their significance that his gay good humour hides:

> "It's thinking I am, sir," he said after a pause, "though 'tis not much in my line to say these things—'tis thinking I am that I would not change places with Kaiser Bill. 'Tis not the dead men that will be troubling him—not them that are killed clean. But when the end comes and he goes to join his fathers, will he be liking the burden he has to bear? Will he hear then the groaning curses of men writhing in their death-grip on the plains of Flanders? Will he see the lads turning their glazing eyes to the Fatherland before they go out into the darkness? Will he live then through the hours when men, turning this way and that, scream to their officers to kill them and put them out of their misery and agony? What will that man feel, I am asking you, sir? Will he see the women and the children watching through tearless staring eyes for the steps they will never hear again? . . . I do not know, but I would not be him."

"The Lieutenant," the longish opening story in "Sapper's" second book, tells of Gerald Ainsworth, "a nut," the only son of his parents who had grown prosperous by the manufacture of tinware; tells how, on the outbreak of war, he obtained a commission and "of his coming to France and what happened to him while he was there, till, stopping one in the shoulder, he went back to England feet first—a man, where before he had been an ass." Though it is lightened all through

with delightfully whimsical touches, there are graphic little sketches of what Gerald endured when he was under fire that are as grimly and nakedly realistic as anything I have read. You are not merely told that he was shaken to the very soul of him and cleansed and hammered into a man, but are shown in minutest detail how the miracle was done. This mingling of humour and terror, of heroism and grotesquerie—as in "The Sixth Drunk"—of self-sacrificing loyalty and homeliest pathos—as in "Driver Robert Brown," are as representative of "Sapper's" work as are the high spirits and irresistible fun of "Ebenezer the Goat" or "The Peptonised Milk."

Good as these two books are, "Sapper" reached, I think, an even higher level of achievement in his third, "Men, Women and Guns." He has written nothing more subtly artistic, more perfectly finished than "The Fatal Second," in which he works out, with intense but restrained pathos and shrewd psychological insight, an idea that rises hauntingly once or twice in his other books: the idea of how an officer must feel and act when a sudden access of cowardice sets one of his battalion running away in a panic, and he is faced with the dread alternative of shooting him down ruthlessly and instantly or seeing the infection spread and all his troops breaking into blind rout. For sheer excitement and romance of adventure it would be hard to beat "Spud Trevor of the Red Hussars"; and you must go to Poe's bizarre studies for anything to compare with the slowly growing horror and the imaginative power of "The Death Grip." But this last, after all, is one of "Sapper's" rarer moods; it is not characteristic of him. More characteristic is the quaint whimsicality that runs riot in his humorous tales, and lightens the shadows and intensifies the pathos and the heroism of his dramas of the soldier's life in camp and billet and trenches, and in all the ghastly circumstance of modern battle.

The war that made Ian Hay a soldier and "Sapper" an author, is responsible for making Boyd Cable soldier and author too. He was connected with a large London publishing house until, when the war started, he entered the Army. He has seen over two years of fighting in France, and is now taking part in the present Titanic battles there, a Captain of Artillery. "I began to write about the war by something of a fluke," he told me, when he was last home on leave. "In the early days, my own people and friends used to urge me to tell them 'something about it,' and 'what it is really like.' They complained that the despatches told them practically nothing. It soon occurred to me that it would be easier to write a descriptive account that would satisfy them all instead of writing the same thing over and over again in a lot of different letters; and having written one, I concluded, for general communication, the simpler way would be to get it published, if I could. Moreover, I had several times been disappointed by seeing what I thought were really brilliant little actions boiled down in the despatches to a bald line or two, or missed out altogether, and I thought I would try to fill in the details and let people at home know what the brief lines meant."

The result was his first book—the brilliant series of stories, "Between the Lines." As soon as he had written the first of these stories he posted it experimentally to the *Cornhill*, and the editor, the late Mr. Reginald Smith, was so enthusiastic over it, and so urgent to have more of the same kind, that Boyd Cable got busy and commenced to send him contributions more or less regularly, and in due time these multiplied into a sufficient collection to make a book, a book that was instantly successful and went through nine impressions within a few months. His method in "Between the Lines" was to take extracts from the official despatches as his texts, and then show in the stories, dramatically and with uncompromising realism, the full meaning of those formal messages. I do not wonder that, as he says, "there were some who complained that the book was in parts too grim and terrible," but he meets that complaint with the unanswerable reply that "I have found it impossible to write with any truth of the Front without the writing being grim," and he felt that it would be "no bad thing if Home realised the grimness a little better." In his second book he followed the same method of finding texts for his stories in the actual official despatches; and in both books he set himself the task of showing intimately what manner of men they were—the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates of the many branches of the Service—who were on duty at the Front, and what manner of work it is they are doing in and behind the fighting lines.

His third and latest book, "Grapes of Wrath," takes a different form; it is a long, continuous narrative and follows throughout the fortunes of four typical soldiers of our new Army. Of these four, Larry Arundel, aged twenty, is a man of good family who, before he put on khaki, worked in his father's office and looked forward confidently to becoming a partner in the firm; Billy Simpson, a year or two his senior, had passed from a board-school to become an errand boy, and had left his place behind the counter of a suburban emporium in order to enlist; Ben Sneath had begun life as a street urchin and was "frankly of the lower orders"; and Jefferson Lee is a volunteer American, commonly known as "Kentuc," because he hails from Kentucky. These four are drawn sympathetically and to the life, and in the loyal comradeship that has grown up between them in all their relations with each other, symbolise vividly and movingly the great democratic spirit that has levelled all social distinctions, fused all classes into one and made the varied ranks of our new regiments a real band of brothers. The book was written in the Somme area and takes this quartet through a Big Push—through just such a Big Push as is in progress in these hours.

"I have simply tried in my new book," said Boyd Cable, just before it was published, "to show Home and help them to realise what a battle, a Push, means to the men in it. At Home you read of a village or a height being taken or the line being advanced, and the papers show little maps, and you figure more or less what the result means, how it is going to affect future movements, and perhaps the whole campaign. But the men actually taking part in the fight view the affair in a very different fashion. Their scope of vision is extremely limited; they know what goes on along their own immediate portion of the Front, and generally are quite ignorant of anything outside it; and as a rule I think a man is

much more concerned over his chum being casualtied than he is over half a battalion a quarter of a mile away being nearly wiped out. So in my book I just take four chums in an infantry regiment through a Push, telling as near as I could the sort of things they would see and do in it.

"A famous writer," he added, "after a visit to the Front, has recently written some articles saying that 'weapons of precision' are, in his opinion, not precise, and he expresses surprise and a tinge of contempt at the trifling effect of high explosives, saying blandly that he was as safe at the Front as he would be in London after dark. Well, I hope my book will convey a very different impression to Home, and I am not afraid to leave the men I shall presently be with again out yonder to say which is the truest picture."

Boyd Cable.

Boyd Cable is still writing pretty regularly for the *Cornhill*, and he confesses to a great wish to make a book on the lines of some of the stories he has written—and I think they are some of the best and most unforgetable he has done—about the old Regular Army that went out in the first Division. "I know," he says, "that a good deal has been told of them, but I myself know incidents that I have never seen published, and I think they ought to be. I went out in 1914, when practically the only British in the field were the remnants of the 'contemptible little Army' and the Regular reservists who had been drafted into it. I have a most whole-hearted admiration for those men and the way they stuck it in those bad days of the first winter, and I'd ask for nothing better than to help the country to realise what even now it has not fully realised, the sort of men they were and how much we owe to them."

I, who am an outsider, a mere onlooker from a safe distance, share to the full that enthusiasm for the glorious "Old Contemptibles." Which of us does not? I have read every story about them that I could lay hands on, and there are stories of them in both "Sapper's" and in Boyd Cable's books that do in Sidney's phrase stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet. Michael Cassidy is one of the Contemptibles, and in his breezy humour, his bluff good-nature, and careless pluck, a splendid specimen of that indomitable breed. Yet, to say nothing of many another tale, in "Sapper's" "Lieutenant" and in the quartet that figure in Boyd Cable's "Grapes of Wrath" you are made to realise that the men of the New Army are living to the utmost up to the highest and finest traditions of the Old. And that these two authors writing out of the same personal knowledge and experience, but differing widely in style and incident, should in their characterisation of the men who have fought beside them, and in their presentation of the atmosphere, incidents and terrible circumstance of the war, independently corroborate each other is a surer testimony to their truth to those things as they are than all the opinions of all the ablest of civilian critics.

FLEET STREET.*

BY RICHARD WHITEING.

THE Street of Ink is of course Fleet Street, and here it is, sketched by a master hand as a sort of black "Cynthia of the minute" of a never ending story. The author has done his work in a fit of high spirits which is not without its pathos, for it shows his perfect confidence in the majesty of his theme. His method is, at the same time, a prudent one. He has dropped in for a chat, on all the men of light and leading in the precinct, and far beyond, and given us the result, while keeping himself clear of all responsibility for their deliverances.

This interviewing of the interviewers is a friendly—not a critical—account of journalism as a business concern, and it is perhaps the biggest "scoop" of that kind to date. The reader must not expect to find a modern Dr. Johnson taking a walk down Fleet Street while meditating a modern Rambler on the philosophy of life. He will meet instead only a hundred busy fellows, mostly young, jostling each other on the narrow pavement, in a hunt for a sensation which will serve its purpose in being sufficient unto the day. Their portraits, in dozens of admirably-executed photogravures, form the best index to their characters and their pursuits. The author will be found among them, on his way to take scalps for his own belt. The young men have heard of America, and its ways have become ours. Like their prototypes, they are neat in their persons, polished in manner, no colourers of cutties: their cigarettes cased in gold. As our memory serves, there is no single mention of a Bohemian from cover to cover of this work.

Their sole business in life is to get there first with a good thing for a "scoop." One Empedocles in business is arranging for a photograph of the interior of Vesuvius during an eruption. Another is for an attempt to climb Mont Blanc earlier in the year than anybody else. This, by the way, nearly cost the party their lives. The slumbering avalanche resented the attempt to foul him for an inky holiday; thrust forth a white paw, and back they scuttled with all speed, leaving their scoops behind them.

* "The Street of Ink." By H. Simonis. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

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Ludgate Hill.

The Cambridge Coach leaving the Belle Sauvage Inn.
(From a coloured lithograph in the British Museum.)
From "The Street of Ink" (Cassell).

Had they perished, it might not have been wholly in vain: there would still have been pickings of copy in the funeral by the mountain side. Business is business: one highly-esteemed practitioner, while waiting to start the journal of his dreams, found the capital for the venture by "running a vegetarian restaurant on original lines." A friend who called upon him in his luncheon hour found him busy with a big beef steak. "Every one to his fancy," chuckled the proprietor of the restaurant. It was beautifully said. Another, who likewise rose to high command, found a Government employee ready to betray a Foreign Office secret, and did a deal. What would have happened to him under martial law? A third steeped a whole edition in eucalyptus, to advertise a cure for influenza, and incidentally a paper by a smell. These be your gods, O Israel! and capital fellows, too, from our author's point of view. The gospel of the cult is to be found in a precious volume entitled "Get On or Get Out." The dourness of the worshippers is often tempered by a streak of superstition, as with so many of the doers of things. In one office they cherish a mascot canary who hopped in, and was detained to breed a numerous progeny, and bring no end of good fortune to the concern. What was the office cat about?

The results are sometimes astonishing. The first of the recent Winston Churchill articles sent up a circulation by nearly half a million copies. The figures are usually on this scale. The daring operators think only in millions, alike in circulations and in capital. Or, where they condescend to anything less, it is to tell us that one weekly journal uses six thousand miles of paper for every issue, and challenges the planet. And to learn that somewhere, there still lives a man who remembers when one London paper was printed by hand! A single picture for a paper full of pictures has been known to cost a thousand pounds. Naturally most of the governing minds are purely business men. The old editor, steeped in literature, has, with a few noteworthy exceptions, almost disappeared, and his sub-editor has taken his place in a sort of commission of scoopers for the news columns. What a gulf of time between that venerable figure and his day when an interview was considered beneath the dignity of a self-respecting journal. The new school holds, with the American sage, that in the abstract "there is no great, there is no small," but only a condition of demand and supply in the market of public curiosity. Apart from this consideration, all the characters on the stage of life are exactly on the same level. As Swift has told us:

"Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorraine's Duke, and Prince of Greece."

All are but "features" of an ever changing posture of affairs. At a certain moment the Rev. R. J. Campbell is a feature, at a certain other he might have to yield his pride of place to quite another sort of man. It is the greatest lesson in humility that the best of preachers could desire.

No single item of the survey is overlooked, whether for the United Kingdom, or, we might almost say, for the world. The metropolitan papers of course claim a large space, but the provincial Press is by no means forgotten. All is fish that comes to this hardy fisherman's net—sport, finance, religion, trade, the news agencies, and even, in a glance, the American and the French Press. The great Houses are not forgotten, or some of them, at least, which have known how to combine business enterprise with literature by making the latter hum. They own magazines and papers by the score, and as for books! They can be quite generous on occasion to their authors, even when the latter have made the mistake of living before the days when the literary agent was at hand to show them how best to profit by their labours. But there is bad blood between the pair. A word on these intermediaries who, once publishers themselves, found their account as wolves in giving a lift to the lambs would not have been out of place. It might show that some have become bloodsuckers in their turn.

All this, with a copious index to follow, and the sheaves of portraits, makes the book quite unique of its kind. It fixes us in a snapshot as we are now. This cannot fail to interest our own generation, and it must command a certain measure of attention with posterity. It yields much laughter, and some tears.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric. Imitations and paraphrases are inadmissable.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best four lines of original verse greeting the American nation on its entry into the war.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to May Herschel-Clarke, of 254, Burrage Road, Woolwich, S.E.18, and Elsie M. Freeman, of 39, Pleydell Avenue, Upper Norwood, S.E., for the following:

SONG.

If you were dead, I should no longer care
Whether the sun sped onward in his track,
If summer bloomed, or rain and sultry air
Combined in vain to bring the roses back.

If you were here, e'en then I should not see
The sky's young blue, or feel the spring's demands,
The soft, warm breeze, the sunshine on the lea—
Save in your eyes, the pressure of your hands.

MAY HERSCHEL-CLARKE.

THE DIFFERENCE.

I prize not smiles that Celia gives,
For smiles, she gives to all;
But happily my heart beats, when
She lets a teardrop fall.

She's proud, my Celia, very proud,
And few her tears may see,
So when she smiles—'tis for the world,
But when she weeps—for me!

ELSIE M. FREEMAN.

We also select for printing:

SONG.

If my heart had wings like a bird,
And I should set it free
Without the window of your heart,
When its appealing cry you heard
Then would you wrench the bars apart
And drive it back to me?

If my heart were a budding rose
That grew beside your wall,
And passing some day after rain,
You saw its inner depths unclose
Revealing there the fruit of Pain,
O would you watch it fall?

But do not fear! The unuttered song
I never shall set free,
No rose shall blow beside your wall,
Weakness itself shall make me strong
To hold both flower and bird in thrall
Until you call for me!

(Winifred Wells, 144, Plashet Lane, East Ham.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Edith Furniss (Liverpool), M. Frances Kendall (London, N.), Grace Cracknall (North Kensington), Arthur R. O'Connor (Birmingham), Edyth Hinkley (Salisbury), Cyril G. Taylor (Washford), E. R. L. (Durham), V. V. Mathews (London, W.), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), Eric Antony (Wandsworth), Mabel Leigh (Kensington), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mary Arden (Highgate), G. S. S. (Birkenhead), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Rev. E. C.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Arthur Moreland,**

whose new book of humorous drawings, "The History of the Hun," Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing.

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Lansdown (Eastbourne), A. Constantine (Knowle), E. K. Nugent (Chelsea), Roland Goodchild (Beckenham), W. Todd (Forest Gate), Lieut. A. P. Hecht (France), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Thomas Sharp (London, S.W.), Tom Blackburn (Liverpool), Keith Hedden (Charing Cross), Irene Leese (Leamington), Billy Garlique (Bridgwater), W. Tasker (Llandudno), Frances P. Patton (Ballymena), Geoffrey de Rosel (Jersey), Florence Olsen (South Shields), E. Gummery (Birmingham), A. M. K. Ellerton (Edinburgh), Noëlle Ffrench (Roscommon), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), W. R. Reid (Belfast), Edyth S. Beves (Brighton), Faith Hearn (Christchurch), C. Tanner-Rutherford (New Bushey), Evelyn Smith (Glasgow), T. G. Wilkinson (Market Harborough), Thomas P. Geraghty (Dublin), Private M. Hayward Potter (Salonika), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), Robert W. Fenton (Birstall), Honor Drury (Streatham), J. P. du Parcq (Marylebone), J. L. Boy (Jersey), Warren Derry (Bath), R. Barnett (Banbury), George Savill (Brockley), A. N. Davidson (N. Berwick), Rupert Mellor (Sidcup), N. Rooker (Sevenoaks), Betty Holmes (Aughton), S. L. Salzedo (Stoke Newington), Nora B. Fry (Willesden), Cecil Baillie (Kilgerran), S. F. (Nottingham), H. C. Stone (Thornton Heath), Kathleen Foley (Salisbury), F. C. Fenton (Hampstead), Marion Michell (Stamford Hill), E. Leslie Gunston (Reading), B. W. Thompson (St. Albans), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), D. M. Barter Snow (West Malling), Beryl Carter (Bexhill), Blanche A. Watson (Hull), W. H. A. (Edinburgh), A. Welch (Chiswick), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Enid D. Woollright (Chelsea), John H. Oakley (Southsea), H. Scott Frayn (Skipton), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), H. M. Barrow (Dunstable), Margaret Bowker (Yarmouth), G. J. S. Fleming (Darlington), Private H. E. Scott (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Marguerite Steen (Grange-on-Sands), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Marjorie Crosbie (Barnes), W. J. Kitley (Derby), Eric Hammond (Wimbledon), C. Lilian M. Bullock (Coventry), Kitty L. Hall (Alton), S. N. A. (Finchley), Harold Fryer (Ilford).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following:

FORBIDDEN WAYS. By RICHARD FREE.
(Sampson Low.)

"Cut us another slice."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking Glass.*

We also select for printing:

THE CAPTIVE SINGER. By MARIE BJELKE PETERSEN.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"When the pie was open,
The birds began to sing."
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Mrs. J. R. Robinson, 48, Oxford Road, Bootle, Liverpool.)

INSIDE THE GERMAN EMPIRE.
By J. W. GERARD. (Constable.)

"I pray you take me far from hence;
I am not well."
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice.*

(Irene Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN.
By ALICE DUER MILLAR. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Come into the garden, Maud."
TENNYSON, *Maud.*

(M. Luke, Convent H. C. J., Magdalen Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.)

THE SPRING SONG. By FORREST REID. (Arnold.)

"Poor Tom's a-cold!"
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear, III.* 4.

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 11, Egliston Road, Putney, S.W.15.)

THE SNARE. By RAFAEL SABATINI.
(Martin Secker.)

"'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the spider to the fly."
M. HOWITT, *The Spider and the Fly.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from Shakespeare dealing with Food Control problems is divided and TWO BOOKS are awarded to J. M. Savery, of 40, Monument Road, Birmingham, and TWO BOOKS to Helen A. E. Standert, of 12, Montrell Road, Streatham Hill, S.W., both of whom sent the following:

"Let the sky rain potatoes."
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Scene* 5.

We select for special commendation the twenty replies received from Miss E. J. Leeds (Croydon), H. Richards (Dublin), Rose Callick (Forest Gate), Miss G. Plowman (Enfield), Gladys M. Davis (Blackheath), Annie Pearce (Scarborough), Doris C. Fowler (Tottenham), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Laura Benn (Ilkley), Bruce Hicks (Bootle), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Clarice A. Blakeley (Wallasey), E. M. Maconn (W. Kensington), Bertha Beal (Poole), Emily Harrison (Kensington), Mrs. Lucy M. Peaten (Yarmouth), J. Scott (West Hartlepool), K. Wheeler (Newton Abbot), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), A. Binney (Sheffield).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words has been awarded to Miss B. C. Hardy, of 11, Egliston Road, Putney, S.W.15, for the following:

REGIMENT OF WOMEN. By CLEMENCE DANE.
(Heinemann.)

Perhaps there is a touch of the tyrant in every woman's breast, which the friction of life soon tends to dissipate. But there are some barrenly egoistic natures, outwardly fascinating, which grow and batten upon the adoration offered them by younger women, and will trample upon the very souls of their victims in a terrible, never-satisfied greed for dominance. This remorseless study of one such depicts with brilliant subtlety the danger, the unwholesomeness, the vampirism, the sapping of individuality to which it must inevitably lead. A book for every woman and girl to study, for it will touch them all.

We also select for printing:

SONIA: BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.
By STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Methuen.)

This brilliant and fascinating novel which breathes the spirit of youth and enthusiasm and generous aspiration, presents the great problems which, as a nation, we must face, and for which we must find a worthy solution, if our heroes are not fighting and suffering in vain, and if the world war is to leave the world better. The ineffectiveness of our governing machine, the sordidness of some of our legislators, the opportunities missed by our Party Government, are criticised in the clever talk of eager young men. The fortunes of Sonia and O'Rane supply a sufficient love interest.

(M. H. Menzies, Hackney College, N.W.3.)

PEBBLES ON THE SHORE.
By "ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH." (Dent.)

The above title includes more than fifty brief papers, which might well be called polished gems, rather than pebbles. Those who have met the author of these delightful essays in other books, will quickly recognise his arresting

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(M. B. Isitt, "Rozel," Wrafton Road, Braunton, N. Devon.)

MEN OF LETTERS. By DIXON SCOTT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a delightful book, full of brilliant originality, subtle understanding, deep insight. Each essay in it supplies enlightenment, gives food for thought, and shows some hitherto unremarked point of view. Particularly gratifying is the author's insistence on the architectonic quality of Kipling's prose—a quality curiously overlooked in other appreciations of Kipling—and the amazing accidentalness of Morris's early work. At every turn one is met by discovery awakening echoes of agreement, surprise making ashamed that it should be surprise, inasmuch as all assertions are borne out and logically proved. A book to live with and re-read!

(Lieut. Claude L. Penrose, M.C., R.G.A., B.E.F., *care of* Mrs. H. H. Penrose, Deepcut Bungalow, Frimley Green, Surrey.)

From the large number of reviews received we select for special commendation the twenty-four by H. H. Mottram (Preston), Constance Slater (Birmingham), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Dorothy S. Knox (Bingley), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Lieut. C. H. Abbott (France), Heather S. Hammond (Adelaide, S. Australia), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Eric Hammond (Wimbledon), Edward Lewis (Braunton), R. W. Mursen (Belfast), E. List (Ilfracombe), Frances M. N. Tall (Eastbourne), Edith Beechey (Pentre), John F. Leeming (Hale), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), P. Wall (Holyhead), Fenella Blake (Folkestone), Chas. L. Clare (Yokohama), J. Mac Ilravey (Newton Stewart), Kate K. Tupman (Worthing), Hilda M. Ingle (Cambridge), Ruth Underwood (Faling), K. Wheeler (Newton Abbot).

Sergeant Leslie Coulson,

whose posthumous book, "From an Outpost and other Poems" (Erskine Macdonald) is now in its seventh thousand, and is shortly to be issued in a new edition with additional poems.

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mrs. John Adams, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.

New Books.

GEORGE MOORE.*

It is to be hoped that Mr. Moore's armour-plate of vanity is as impenetrable as Miss Mitchell would have us believe: else the reading of her book must have made him wince often. It is true that, so far as can be judged, a course of wincing, with occasional shuddering maybe through 150 pages or so, might do Mr. Moore vast service; wake him to a due sense of responsibility, give his literary conscience twinges, humble him, make him sorry for offences done, teach him that the old law of eye for eye and tooth for tooth still prevails. True also that Miss Mitchell, despite great opportunities, the lures of her wit and insight, her excellent gifts of vividness and liveliness, the impulse she must have resisted often to be malicious and small and to smite and spare not: it is true that, despite all this, Miss Mitchell throughout her brilliant little study maintains more than a sneaking regard for Mr. Moore. She sees his faults. By imputation, she seems to deny him genius. She says plainly why some of his work dissatisfies or repels her. She finds the expression of affection in his books, rather than of love. She dismisses quickly his claim to be a poet, and his pretensions to be a painter in a withering chapter of four lines and two words. She describes his personal appearance with a feminine eye to detail: his yellow unruly hair, his egg-shaped face and head, his remarkable grey-green eyes, his mouth inclined to pettishness, his champagne shoulders (whatever they may be). She speaks of his sly smile, his malice and vanity. She quotes the phrases descriptive of Mr. Moore that boiled up, during his famous regime in Dublin—"that crater of epithet" with such splendid "acoustic properties." "An over-ripe gooseberry," "a great big intoxicated baby," "a boiled ghost," "a gosling": those are a few of the phrases vomited by the crater. She laughs at Mr. Moore. She fixes him all over with darts, flung deftly and with zest, darts winged with Irish wit and keen as the blade of Cuchulain, but never barbed or poisoned. She tells him frankly that she doesn't believe in his naughtiness, that as "Silenus he is a poor thing." With regard to the depredations he made on the personalities of her friends and heroes, in the renowned Dublin trilogy ("Ave, Salve, and Vale") she dubs him "a born literary bandit." Regarding his sojourn in Dublin she relates, with inspiriting gusto, some of the episodes that made for Mr. Moore and his friends and enemies such high entertainment—the episode of the green hall door, the episode of the spoilt omelettes, the episode of his conversion to Protestantism "as a protest against the decoration of Maynooth with King Edward's racing colours"—and winds up her chapter with this wry compliment: "So pleasantly did he, like Bottom, put an ass's head upon him and gambol in our walks." And yet, though Miss Mitchell speaks of Mr. Moore as a mock satyr and a nasty little schoolboy putting his tongue out, though in her devastating chapter devoted to the offences of "Parnell and his Island" she wields a spiked shillelagh, though once in a gust of frankness she implies that she would enjoy slapping "the aggravating baby," withal Miss Mitchell likes Mr. Moore, you can see, has admired him and his books, knows him for the great man and great writer he is, and tries throughout to keep the resolution made in Chapter I. not to wound this her victim of "the multitudinous personality." Why, does she not admit that Mr. Moore with his opera hat and cloak was the only man in Dublin, during his reign at Ely Place, who walked fashionably!

Miss Mitchell set out to write a personal book, to discuss everything and everybody, to wear no blinkers, "to fight her corner in her own way": and certainly her

* "George Moore." By Susan L. Mitchell. 2s. 6d. (Maunsel.)

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adventure has succeeded to admiration. One has at end of the book almost as vivid a conception of Miss Mitchell on the mental side—her prejudices, dislikes, preferences, opinions—as of Mr. Moore himself. That is entirely well, for the writer of such a masterly little study is worth the knowing. But it is unfair to give the idea that her book is all personality and personalities, all liveliness, mockery, high spirits, laughter. A deal of it is mighty serious in style and intent. One after one Miss Mitchell takes Moore's books, reads them carefully, thinks them over, and then criticises each with point and freshness. It may be that her scheme of criticism is vitiated by her personal conviction that George Moore the artist exists merely to exploit his friends and himself in the interests of copy. Perhaps so: but is not that the penalty of being an artist? All artists, great and small, being human creatures of imagination and experience, necessarily levy toll on themselves and their environment: but whilst this artist (say Shakespeare) is impersonal in his methods, the other (say Moore) is personal to the point of obsession. Yet not always, surely? True that in his Dublin trilogy he achieved "a work of fiction improvised upon himself and his friends," and that pages of other of his books are, as Miss Mitchell puts it, "stained with the inky vomit of a mind incontinent": and for such achievement he is effectively pilloried in this book. But what of "The Mummer's Wife" and "Esther Waters" and "The Brook Kerith": three works deservedly appraised by Miss Mitchell, yet as impersonal in method as "King Lear," each one of them. Furthermore, is Miss Mitchell quite justified in her criticism of the trilogy, describing it as Moore's monument and prophesying that a century hence people will search it as eagerly as they search Hogg and Trelawney for memories of Shelley and Byron? That is indeed forecasting immortality for Yeats and A. E. and Hyde and Martyn and all the other notables so blatantly used by our "born literary bandit," so affectionately given place in Miss Mitchell's brilliant pages descriptive of intellectual Dublin during the Moore terror. One need not quarrel with Miss Mitchell over her forecast; but it would seem that though the names on Moore's monument are engraved in brass the monument itself is built on the sands, for the appeal of the trilogy is not general, not even insular, it is urban.

Concerning "The Brook Kerith," that masterpiece surely, Miss Mitchell gives some interesting details of Moore's journey to the Holy Land in quest of colour and atmosphere: and her careful summary and criticism of the book are alike admirable. That she, with what she calls "her ingrained propriety of mind," should have been able not only to endure such a book but to praise it says much for both critic and author.

SHAN BULLOCK.

EDINBURGH.*

"The bibliography of Edinburgh is profuse." So says Sir Herbert Maxwell himself. But Sir Herbert has no need to apologise for the appearance of a work which is as welcome as any of its predecessors. Not only is this the latest, it is distinctly the best book on the subject. Its author is an Edinburgh man, many of whose dearest memories linger about the city of his dreams, and much of whose splendid public work associates itself with the capital of his country. Sir Herbert has been President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and, as Chairman of the Royal Commission on Scottish Historical Monuments, achieves excellent service in a field in which he must have few equals. His contribution to the literature of Edinburgh, however, is both broader and narrower than the majority of books dealing with the fascinating theme. Broader, in that it offers a singularly complete record of Edinburgh's story down to the Disruption year: narrower, in so far as its reference to antiquities is concerned—those countless tangible links which still bind the modern town to ancient Dunedin, and to the city of two or three centuries ago. There is a judicious blending of the two, to be sure, but the purely historical element is uppermost. The volume, indeed, professes to be nothing more than a historical study, and such a book was needed. What R. L. Stevenson failed to do, another, no less competent, has set his hand to with conspicuous success.

Of course the history of Edinburgh is very largely the history of Scotland. All the nation's fortunes (and misfortunes) centred in the grey old city. Its site foreshadowed a portentous future. The Castle Rock was a lodestone which drew the earliest settlers. On its windswept slopes they reared their wattled huts and prepared a defence that grew and changed with the generations—from times bordering on the primeval to the advent of anti-aircraft artillery. Probably Edwin of Deira did give his name to the beetling crag round which the life and rare romance of Edwinsburgh was destined to arise. But Edwin is a misty figure, and there are those who hold that the name of Edinburgh is simply the Gaelic *eudan* "a hill-brow"—the Castle Rock to wit—and the Saxon *burgh*. Be that as it may, Edinburgh only really entered the historic arena with the reign of Malcolm of the Big Head. Malcolm's pious Queen—canonised by Innocent IV. —built on an extreme acclivity of the Rock a chapel in which was placed the Black Rood of Scotland, with its golden casket, said to contain a piece of the true Cross. Queen Margaret's chapel survives to our day—and is the identical spot, no doubt, where that saintly lady died, soon after the debacle at Alnwick when her husband and son were slain. It is possibly the oldest bit of Norman architecture in Scotland, and has been restored to its original shape within recent years.

And thus the tale goes on from page to page in dramatic sequence—with the foundation of the Abbey of Holyrood, the origin of the Canongate and the glorious Royal Mile, the evolution of the burgess system and the magistracy—till we arrive at the Jameses, none of whom left much of a mark upon the city's inner life, certainly none on the city itself. Surely the most sinister epoch in Edinburgh's history was the reign of Queen Mary. Darnley and Bothwell and a host of dissolutes crowded the stage then. Jealous and suspicious men and women were everywhere. Over all towered the great, gaunt figure of John Knox in a majesty of moral earnestness before which even his enemies often blanched and fled. Of two men it may be said that they were the moulders of Edinburgh's truest fortunes—Knox, to whom the noble University owed its inception, and Presbyterian polity its power; and Walter Scott by his magic wand immortalising Edinburgh's best in her beauty, in her spirit, in her people.

The second half of Sir Herbert's book is far the more interesting—from the Union to the General Assembly of 1843. The vicissitudes of the Old Town give place to the development and progress of the New Town. Edinburgh's eminent place in the intellectual world every reader of this unbiased history must concede; and as for her philanthropic and religious life, is not Edinburgh the chief city of the most God-fearing and kirk-loving land on the face of the globe? By the way, it was *Neil McVicar, minister*, and not "old Mr. McNeil," "vicar" of the West Kirk, who prayed for the young Chevalier in terms of perfect casuistry:

> "O Lord, bless the King: Thou knowest what King I mean. May the crown long sit easy on his head: and as for this man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in Thy mercy to take him to Thyself and to give him a crown of glory!"

A characteristic feature of an altogether notable essay is its wealth of clear and pleasing illustration. The pictures, particularly those of quaint doorways and older parts of the metropolis, are finer than any I have seen in similar compilations.

W. S. CROCKETT.

* "Edinburgh: A Historical Study." By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D. 10s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

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Photo by Lewson, Johannesburg. **General Smuts, 1916.**
From "Jan Smuts," by N. Levi (Longmans).

now sitting are available for the future historian, it is not to be doubted that the wise counsels of our one-time enemy, but now loyal friend of the Empire, will be found to have had no inconsiderable influence and weight.

Of mixed Dutch and French descent, Jan Christian Smuts was born some forty-six years ago in the neighbourhood of Malmesbury in the Western Province of Cape Colony, and his father was for some time a member of the Legislative Assembly of Cape Town. He was thus, like his colleague, General Botha, born under the British flag. With the exception of a little farm-school instruction his schooling was not begun until he entered "a modest scholastic establishment called 'De Ark'" in Riebeek village. In 1886 he became a student at the Victoria College, Stellenbosch, and about five years later he graduated B.A. and obtained the Ebden scholarship of the Cape University. He then proceeded to Christ's College, Cambridge, and at the termination of his course was placed first in the first class of each of Parts I. and II. of the Law Tripos, a success stated at the time to be "quite unparalleled." At the end of 1894 "the Council of Legal Education awarded to Smuts, J. C., Middle Temple, a special prize of £50 for the best examination in Constitutional Law (English and Colonial) and Legal History." Early in the following year he sailed for South Africa, and was admitted by the Supreme Court at Cape Town, where he began to practise his profession. Politics soon engaged his attention, and at the end of 1895 we find him addressing a meeting in Kimberley in support of Mr. Jan Hofmeyer's endeavour to promote the co-operation of the English with the Dutch. Mr. Smuts made an eloquent appeal for the union of the two races. After the Jameson raid, which took place a short time afterwards, his sympathies were alienated from the English, and all his efforts were on behalf of the Boers. In September, 1896, he was admitted to practise at the Transvaal Bar, and later was appointed State Attorney by Kruger. Thenceforward he championed the cause of the Republic, and greatly distinguished himself during the course of the war. Since the grant of responsible government to the conquered Dutch people, more especially after the formation of the Union of South Africa, he has ceaselessly pleaded and worked for the realisation of a great South African nation. He has proved his loyalty to the Empire again and again—witness, if proof were necessary, his participation in the South West African and East African campaigns. As a Minister of Defence his work has been invaluable. He is shown in this most interesting and well-written book as a splendid public servant labouring with all his might for the good of his country and of the Empire: versatile, single-minded, a valiant soldier, an able administrator and a gentleman. It is with great pleasure one is able to recommend this capital character sketch. Mr. Levi's literary allusions are not infrequent. In one of these he has, however, tripped, as several have done before him. He appears to identify the monster created by Frankenstein, in Mrs. Shelley's story, with its creator. There is no index.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

* "Jan Smuts: Being a Character Sketch of General the Hon. J. C. Smuts, K.C., M.L.A., Minister of Defence, Union of South Africa." By N. Levi. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

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Of the making of stories about the war at the front there is no end and never will be, for when the old generation tires of reading them, the new generation will be here with a new interest in a great and infinitely varied theme that neither time nor custom can stale. But so far we have not had so many books about how the war is being fought, beyond sight and sound of the thunder and lightning of the trenches, by the people in the homeland, and here are two, and two of the best of our acquaintance.

In "The Amazing Years"—the first two years of the war—Mr. Pett Ridge pictures graphically and intimately the vast changes that have come over the life of London since August, 1914. He introduces you to an average well-to-do London family, their friends, the people with whom they come in contact, and shows you what is happening to the modern Everyman—and Everywoman—in war-time. The family that was well-to-do is broken by the war, but rallies, and the characters of its different members are hammered into strength and finelier tempered by the blows of circumstance. They move from a large house in a pleasant garden to mean lodgings at Greenwich. The father swallows his pride and gets work in a munition factory; the eldest son promptly enlists; another son, too young for this, obtains a post on the railway; the younger daughter becomes a clerk in a bank, and the elder, after an interval in which she clings to yesterday's notions of gentility, finds herself and works out her own salvation in a railway uniform; and the mother, succumbing at length to the general influence, shakes off the selfishness and snobbery that affluence had imposed upon her

* "The Amazing Years." By W. Pett Ridge. 5s. net.—"War-Time in Our Street." By J. E. Buckrose. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and grows again the more lovable woman she had been in youth. The story is told by Mary Weston, who was housekeeper to this Hillier family in their days of prosperity and, though she goes into business on her own account, remains under the same roof with them and is their prop and stay throughout. There are one or two small coincidences that would be better away, but one is not disposed to find fault lightly with a tale that takes such a multitude of the homely, poignant incidents that are happening around us at this hour and weaves them into so real a romance of the loves, and hopes, the sorrows, sufferings and wonderful happiness of which most of us, since the shadow of war fell upon the land, have known something.

This humour and pathos and strange romance of contemporary life that Mr. Pett Ridge finds in London, Mrs. J. E. Buckrose finds in a little North Country town and uses deftly and with imaginative sympathy in the dozen stories that make up "War-Time in Our Street." Perhaps the two stories that have appealed most strongly to the present reviewer are "Lights Out," in which Mrs. Briggs is "touched by King Arthur's sword" in the darkness and, "a middle-aged woman in a black bonnet who was afraid of everything," rises and inspires others to rise to heroic heights while a Zeppelin is sailing over the town; this and the charming and beautifully natural story, "Lovers." Both these books have this in common: they are vividly true to the life of our time, and are written with such an instinct for what is most utterly human in man and woman that they draw you, in Mr. Wells's phrase, to "fall in love with humanity."

THE BROKEN WING.*

Mrs. Naidu's poetry is delicate in colour and luminous without being indefinite in outline. Such description of it—as though its appeal were to the eye rather than to the ear—is, although its cadences are always musical, almost inevitable; at any rate of such pieces as "June Sunset":

> "Here shall my heart find its haven of calm
> By rush-fringed rivers and rain-fed streams
> That glitter thro' meadows of lily and palm.
> Here shall my soul find its true repose
> Under a sunset sky of dreams
> Diaphanous, amber and rose.
> The air is aglow with the glint and whirl
> Of swift wild wings in their homeward flight,
> Sapphire, emerald, topaz, and pearl,
> Afloat in the evening light. . . .
>
> "And a young *Banjara* driving her cattle
> Lifts up her voice as she glitters by
> In an ancient ballad of love and battle
> Set to the beat of a mystic tune,
> And the faint stars gleam in the eastern sky
> To herald a rising moon."

Mrs. Naidu's mastery of a tongue which is not her own is perfect. In her poetry East and West blend in a way which they do not either in the poetry of Sir Rabindranath Tagore or in that of Laurence Hope. In acquiring our language she has acquired our culture while retaining not only her Indian nationalism—expressed here in memorial lines to Gokhale and others—but also her Indian soul. This duality, which would seem to contradict Kipling's over-quoted aphorism, is illustrated by the love poems. These lines, for instance, though their ornament is eastern, might, for the spirit of them, have been written by an Englishman:

> "Love, come with me where koels call from flowering glade and glen,
> Far from the toil and weariness, the praise and prayers of men.
>
> "O let us fling all care away, and lie alone and dream
> 'Neath tangled boughs of tamarind and *molsari* and *neem!*
>
> "And bind our brows with jasmine sprays and play on carven flutes,

* "The Broken Wing: Songs of Love, Death and Destiny, 1915-1916." By Sarojini Naidu. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

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To wake the slumbering serpent-kings among the banyan roots,

"And roam at fall of eventide along the river's brink,
And bathe in water-lily pools where golden panthers drink."

This, on the other hand, is purely oriental:

"They brought their peacock-lutes of praise
And carven gems in jasper trays,
Rich stores of fragrant musk and myrrh,
And wreaths of scarlet nenaphar. . . .
I had no offering that was meet,
And bowed my face upon his feet."

So are all the poems grouped together under the heading of "The Temple: a Pilgrimage of Love."

But though these last express the passionate subjection of the eastern woman to her lord and lover, they are written not passionately but rather with an almost classical restraint. They are vividly and precisely imagined, but do not cry from wracked nerves as do the far faultier poems of Laurence Hope. That, however, does not detract from their value as works of art, which, though it would be easy enough to discover flaws and point out limitations, is of a high order: for which reason, and as the best method of inducing those who do not know "The Bird of Time" or "The Golden Threshold" to read "The Broken Wing," it has seemed better to quote than to criticise.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE LURE OF THE UNKNOWN.*

In the matter of ghosts, as in everything else, times and fashions change, and one wonders sometimes what our grandfathers who were thrilled by Le Fanu's "Green Tea" would have made of Mr. Algernon Blackwood in his latest manner. At one time Mr. Blackwood could thrill even the most hardened sceptic of us, and as far as the present writer is concerned at any rate, the memory of "The Listener" and "John Silence" is sufficiently powerful to make him open each of the author's new books with a pleasant sense of expectancy—only, however, to be disappointed. For Mr. Blackwood can thrill us no longer. He is a master of his craft, as he ever was (he has written short stories that must take their place among the finest in our language), but he seems to become more and more mystical in every new book he writes, and pages of some of them read like nothing so much as advanced essays in occult periodicals. "Day and Night Stories" is, in part, a return to his earlier manner; that is to say, some of the tales can be relied upon to produce the authentic chill along the spine and the backward fearful glance as one creeps up to bed. Some, on the other hand, stir only vague curiosity because they never touch the emotions, and one feels the urgency of textbook study of the occult to make them comprehensible. "The Tryst," which is the first story in the book, is far and away the best, a haunting story, grim and terrible in its stark simplicity, and the same qualities which make this story memorable are to be found in "The Occupant of the Room," where Mr. Blackwood plays upon that instinct all of us inherit from our savage ancestors, the fear of the dead. But such stories as the "Wings of Horus" and "The Touch of Pan" make no such direct appeal; they are written to a recipe, and not a very good recipe either. Our interest in them depends upon the glamour which ancient Egypt or paganism may have for us, and in the former, at least, the author is so very careful to suggest by a hundred subtle touches the possibility of a natural explanation to the mystery that he leaves the reader unmoved. "H.S.H.", which stands, presumably, for His Satanic Highness, tells of a man who spent a night in a lonely hut on the Alps, where the Devil comes to him and talks transcendentally, "in a resonant voice," and at great length, about his kingdom that is lost, and his need for worship. Granted a whole-hearted belief in a personal Devil, or perhaps a superlative sensitiveness to possible allegory, this story might stir an emotion; otherwise it is a merely brilliant exercise which leaves one cold, and if truth be told, slightly bored.

Miss Eleanor Mordaunt also has the best of her stories at the beginning of her book, "Before Midnight." The central idea, that of a young man who has been haunted, year after year, each birthday night by the same dream, is as good an idea as anybody ever had for a ghost story. The author contrives to suggest, by methods very different from Mr. Blackwood's, though not less effectual, a real sense of horror and mystery; for the boy dreams each year of a long procession of rooms, one opening out of the other, like the reflection made by double mirrors. And coming towards him, through the rooms, is a figure that is portentous and ineffably menacing, so that his soul is tortured by loathing and yet possessed by an awful fascination; and at last there is only one room left for the figure to traverse . . .

None of the other seven stories reaches quite the same level of power as this, but they are all more than usually interesting, because they approach the subject from the human side. Miss Mordaunt's people are breathing human folk, even those most sensitive people who experience the lure of the unknown, and not merely abstractions created to carry out an idea. "The Country Side," for instance, is a masterly study of the reaction of character to environment, and even the least successful of all the tales, "The Vision," which tells of a little schoolmarm who saw re-enacted, on a hill in Syria, the death of Adonis, has a sufficient basis in common humanity to arouse sympathy.

But why do modern writers of occult stories always give us tales of the incarnation of the great god Pan? Miss Mordaunt has one, and so has Mr. Blackwood, and memories arise in the mind of scores of others, all leading to that very beautiful story of Arthur Machen's, in "The House of Souls," which stands, if not as prototype, yet as the supreme example. One cannot help feeling that in this region of the unknown, revelations are few and far between.

C. S. EVANS.

* "Day and Night Stories." By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (Cassell.)—"Before Midnight." By Eleanor Mordaunt. 6s. (Cassell.)

IN GOOD COMPANY.*

To review such a book as this adequately one thing needful is space—for one has marked so many passages in it for quotation, and can give no real idea of its quality and interest without quoting them—and space, in these days of paper restrictions, is the one thing a reviewer is forbidden to take. Of the chapter on Lord Roberts it is sufficient to say that it is an interesting chronicle of Mr. Kernahan's association with him in his great campaign for National Defence; and of that on Stephen Phillips that it is a wonderfully vivid impression of Phillips as an inspired reader of poetry—a sketch which we are glad to gather is to be followed by a fuller portrait. But the other five chapters on such widely differing personalities as Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, Edward Whymper, Oscar Wilde, and S. J. Stone, the well-known hymn-writer, are larger, fuller recollections, and one despairs of doing them justice in a summary.

As a piece of realistic portraiture perhaps the study of S. J. Stone is as finished and finely sympathetic as any in the book; the lights and shadows and little details of temperament and character are touched in with such perfect sympathy and insight. The presentment of Whymper is equally effective; the bizarre personality of the man is extraordinarily well realised; that of Wilde is slighter but strikingly characteristic. But if the study of Stone is the amplest and most finished, certainly the most memorable of the figures that walk in these pages are those of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton.

Mr. Gosse has told us that although Watts-Dunton's influence on Swinburne was in some ways beneficial, it was in other ways stultifying, and though Mr. Kernahan

* "In Good Company." By Coulson Kernahan. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

Photo by A. R. Perry. **Mr. Coulson Kernahan.**

does not say that, his recollections seem indirectly to confirm it. His anecdotes, and word-pictures, the conversations he reports, the letters he prints combine to reveal vividly and intimately the poet and the critic, and the life they lived together at Putney; you see and almost hear them and grow curiously sensible of their atmosphere and environment. And, in spite of Swinburne's occasional fiery outbursts, of the little sketch of him coming alert and vigorous from his customary walk, you sense a sort of stuffiness in that atmosphere. You feel that, for all the interest they took in what is going on in the outer world, they had become too cloistered, too self-centred, too easily moved to extravagantly praising each other and, as men in such retirement will, to getting things out of focus and giving undue importance to comparatively unimportant affairs. But these little shadows only add to the faithfulness of the picture; they throw into relief what was finer and great in both men, and accentuate the reality and the beauty of the long friendship that makes their stories inseparable in literary history.

One is glad of a hint in the Foreword that these personal recollections are only an "unloading of some of the cargo" from a full volume of recollections which we may expect from Mr. Kernahan by and by; for he has a genius for friendship and has been intimate with many who are or have been prominent in art and letters and in the public life of the last thirty years or so. Moreover, as "In Good Company" brilliantly attests, he has what few writers of "Recollections" possess—keen powers of observation, a retentive memory, and the right narrative and pictorial arts in telling what he has heard and seen of people he has known.

H. H.

RECENT HISTORY.

Mr. Evan Lewin's book "The German Road to the East"[1] is one of a large tribe of books on this subject among which it will suffice to mention "The War and Democracy," and the well-known books by Toynbee, Baron Beyens, Von Bülow, Usher, Naumann, Steed, Dillon, Newbigin, Rohrbach, and Tannenberg; and even to this list must be added a French book which has done perhaps more than any other to demonstrate the menace of the Pan-German scheme in regard to the Near East. This is "Le Plan Pan-Germaniste démasqué" by André Chéradame. The menace needs to be demonstrated, and demonstrated again from a political point of view, since its determination

[1] 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

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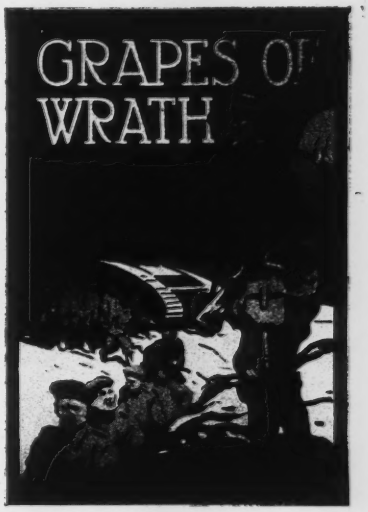

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decides the issue of the war. A full understanding postulates a considerable amount of new knowledge, knowledge that we persistently repudiated before the War, but Mr. Lewin's book is thoroughly well grounded, and enables us to supply the deficiency. If anything it is rather overburdened with facts, and if, as probable, it proceeds to another edition, the reader will greatly welcome a reasoned Table of Contents, which should supply a much needed argument and summary of the whole. Indifference to the subject on which alone the whole political issue of the war depends, would seem to prompt a good many of the questions that are being asked in Parliament and the Press as to the policy of discriminating between Austria and Germany in the negotiations which must follow the war. The answer to this, as far as we can envisage it at all, lies in a nutshell. The rubber which Germany set out to win, (so far as the object of the War can be defined in terms of politics), was the Dominion of Central Europe and Western Asia from Antwerp to Bagdad, which would bring invariably in its train the Dominion of the World. That rubber has been virtually lost, but there still remains a possibility of securing a Dominion from Hamburg to Bagdad. Success here depends upon one main factor. That factor is the coherence of the Austrian Empire. If that Empire holds together, Germany retains the leverage, by means of which the economic and political ascendancy of the Balkans and Asia Minor will be secured. The twelve million Germans situated in Austria are bound to confederate with the Central Power of Germania; this confederation might quite well be innocuous if the German-Austrians betook themselves thither alone. But if they took over with them thirty millions of non-German subjects (excluding Hungary), Germany's great object of the Drang-nach-osten would sooner or later be achieved, and the second rubber gained. Until we understand this, we cannot realise what winning the war means. We in Western Europe have no further use for Greater Austria. On the contrary, we have to realise that Greater Austria exists merely as a battle-mask of Greater Germany, directed from Berlin. Hence the cogent, topical value of Mr. Lewin's clear exposition in the present volume.

The sixty-sixth volume of "The Story of the Nation's Series"[2] is occupied with Denmark and Sweden, Norway having been done separately by Mr. Boyesen nearly ten years ago; but the present volume contains short sketches of Iceland and Finland. It comprises 400 pages, with an Introduction by Lord Bryce, a brief synchronistic table, an index and illustrations, mostly in the form of portraits, not omitting the inevitable drawing of Kronborg Elsinore, in Shakespeare's time. The author is Mr. Jon Stefansson, an Icelander whose impartial accuracy can be relied upon, for Iceland is a country which has no foreign relations, and so far as we know no enemies. Happy Iceland! The smallest of European States, and possibly the happiest! In its prosperity it resembles the other Scandinavian Powers, who won through to favourable conditions after long periods of misfortune and suffering. Constitionalism seems well adapted to all these Powers, but they have had fierce struggles in an attempt to compass the Government that they needed. Ambition, in the form of the will to power, nearly ruined Sweden from Gustavus Adolphus to Charles XII. Like Spain, she endeavoured to rear a World State upon militarism without a sufficient economic basis. Just before the war she went to the other extreme, when the Radical Party sought to evade war by ignoring the necessity of preparing for its possibilities, and this led to a national movement which brimmed up from the people, and validated the defensive measures of the Crown. The author of the present work eschews generalisations, and bases his work upon a very close presentation of the facts. The result is a commendable work of reference, which will assuredly enhance the value of the Series as a World History.

A more brilliant fabric from the reader's point of view is "The Story of France 1814–1914"[3] by J. L. Beaumont James, detached apparently from any series, and published by Nelson. The writer dates his Preface from Paris, and refers to the pleasure which the writing of the book gave him. This pleasure, so far as we can judge, is likely to be shared by the reader, for the narrative is well-proportioned, vivid, and in the main laudably impartial. This is notably the case in the treatment of the Second Empire. Commencing with March, 1814, and ending with August, 1914, the author has for his subject the most brilliant and eventful chapter in Modern History (but for the element of Disraeli how drab is the contemporary story of England in comparison!) and he has certainly not neglected his opportunities. A little more space might perhaps have been devoted with advantage to France's Colonial acquisitions and Colonial position in Africa, and also to the blaze of literary glory which was concentrated in the Paris of the 'thirties. Another small suggestion may perhaps be permitted, to the effect that in describing the events of 1871 some addition of actuality might have been given by a reference to "The Peoples' War" by Sir Lonsdale Hale. The book contains seven portraits, and as a frontispiece the meeting of the Czar with President Poincaré on the Royal Yacht *Standart* in July, 1914.

Recently we reviewed a valuable book by J. N. Farquhar on "Modern Religious Movements in India," an excellent book in its way, handicapped only—as the book of every Indian student must be—by an incomplete knowledge of the multiplicity of the country. No one can know the whole of India. Another excellent book has now reached us on "The Story of Gondwana,"[4] by Dr. Eyre Chatterton, Bishop of Nagpur: a most interesting book, of great value to all who have to do with India, describing the Central Provinces, and embodying a large amount of their history, traditions, and folklore, as well as an admirable delineation of the Highlands, anticipated only to a very small extent in Forsyth's classical work. The Gonds are a Dravidian race, which has been called that of the ancient Britons of India. Their language, too, is a Dravidian form of speech, though much mixed with Aryan vocabulary. It is curious, however, that Dr. Chatterton does not say a single word about the language of the Gonds, which is rather a pity, as there must be something to tell of interest about a language which contains so many fine stories and songs:

> "The Kingdom of the Gonds is gone,
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and many of these have been enshrined in this well-written and admirably illustrated book on the ancient Gond Kingdoms.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

[2] 5s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)
[3] 3s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

Novel Notes.

THE PULLER OF STRINGS. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In Four Corners—that quaint little settlement in the Ottawa Valley—Mr. Burgin seems to have discovered an inexhaustible orange that successfully resists all his efforts to squeeze it dry. This time interest centres in the feud between Father Grondin, the newly-installed priest at the Catholic church, and McLeod, the kindly old Presbyterian gaoler. It is to be hoped that Canada does not boast many priests with the power and pretensions of the scheming Grondin, whose campaign of religious persecution is the framework of the story. Among his victims is the gaoler, who has a weakness for keeping rabbits in the prison yard that leads to his undoing and the loss of his proud office. The simple, God-fearing McLeod is one of the author's most lovable characters, and is drawn with great sympathy. Even the captain of the Ottawa boat has a good word for him: "He's the best man in the world, only he ought to have been born at Galilee. The man's much more of a preacher than a gaoler. I'm told that if any-

[4] 10s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

one's dying or going to get married or any little thing of that sort, he's always sent for in preference to the local minister." The story tells how, thanks to a cheerful young man who has brought back a tip or two and a pair of brown boots from New York, the priest's plot is foiled and McLeod reinstated at the gaol. And of course the cheerful young man has a love story of his own to fill in one of the Four Corners of this typical Burgin structure.

THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. 6s. (Putnam.)

Dr. Brady's story, first published in America as a serial under the title of "Whom God Hath Joined," is a panorama of stirring incidents, and moves with cinema-like vividness and velocity. Its heroine, Chrissey de Seldon, is insulted by the man she loves, and resolves to punish him by marrying her guardian. Much of the plot revolves round the divorce question, and the scenes are laid in New York, Sorrento, Bermuda and Reno. It should please all who like stories of the exciting, melodramatic order.

JAN AND HER JOB. By L. Allen Harker. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

This is the first of Mrs. Allen Harker's books that the present reviewer has had the privilege of reading. It will not be the last—for there are others. And if only one of them is anything like as good as "Jan and Her Job," then will our state be the more gracious. Mrs. Harker's delicate talent would obviously be cramped and constricted by the limitations and exigencies of a hide-bound plot, and so one is thankful that she is not so much concerned with the story she has to tell, in this instance a very slight story, as with the people she makes known to you. And of these there is none more delightful than the two children, Fay and Tony, unless it be William Bloomsbury, the bull terrier. It is not easy to get either dogs or children into a book without making them either maudlin or grotesque. Mrs. Harker has escaped even this pitfall. And with her other characters she is just as successful. Yes, that is just what this book is: a success. It does so perfectly accomplish what it sets out to do. Its people are as exactly realised as the author would have you realise them. And there is never any effect of strain, the note is never forced, the style is unvaryingly simple and direct. Here, then, is very real art, and art of an unusual kind in modern fiction; of a kind, one might add, that we could do with a good deal more of, these haggard times. So, if you are hipped or tired, if you want to get away from the urgency of things and rest your troubled mind for awhile in the pleasant society of companionable strangers who will soon become old friends, get this book and thank this reviewer for having—without any sort of reservation—recommended it to you.

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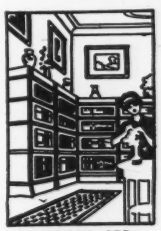
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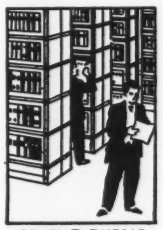
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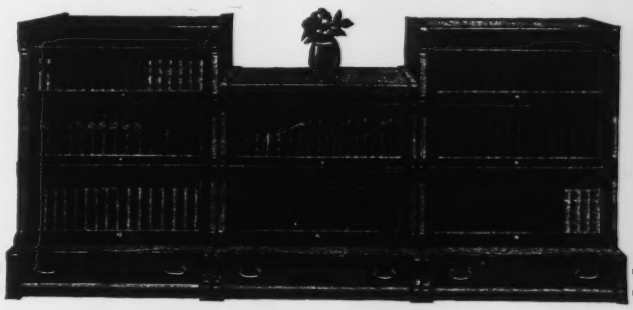

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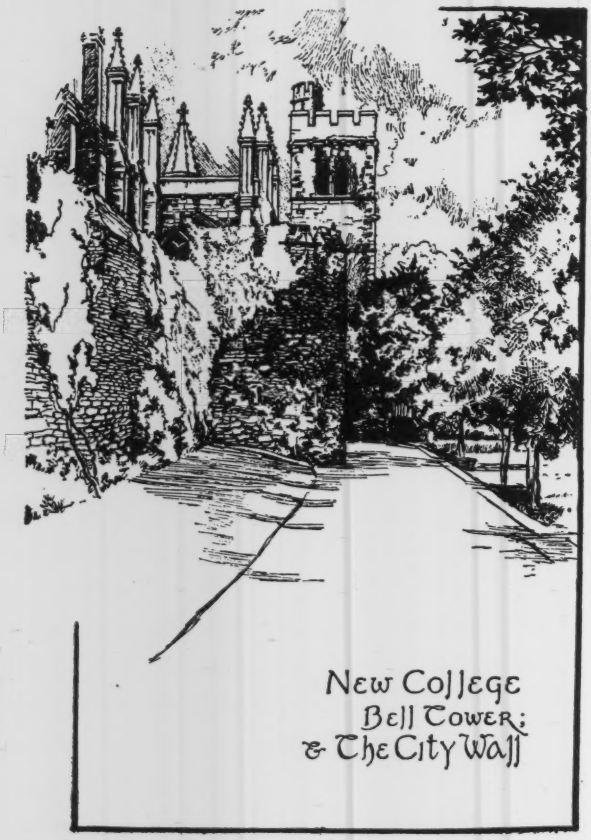

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For murderous venom, mad, insensate rage,
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HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

By J. B. Firth. Illustrated by Frederick L. Griggs. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

That the county of Robin Hood is rich in romantic associations is a foregone conclusion; and Nottinghamshire has many other worthies in the list of its glories. Byron belonged to it, and Philip James Bailey, Kirke White, William and Mary Howitt, Ann Taylor, Gilbert Wakefield, to name but a few. Mr. Firth has an admirable descriptive gift; he is a careful, well-informed, entertaining guide and knows how to write interestingly on a thoroughly interesting subject. Mr. Griggs has illustrated several volumes in this delightful series, and it is not necessary to say more of his drawings of Nottinghamshire than that they are excellent, with the charm and delicacy of finish that always characterise his work.

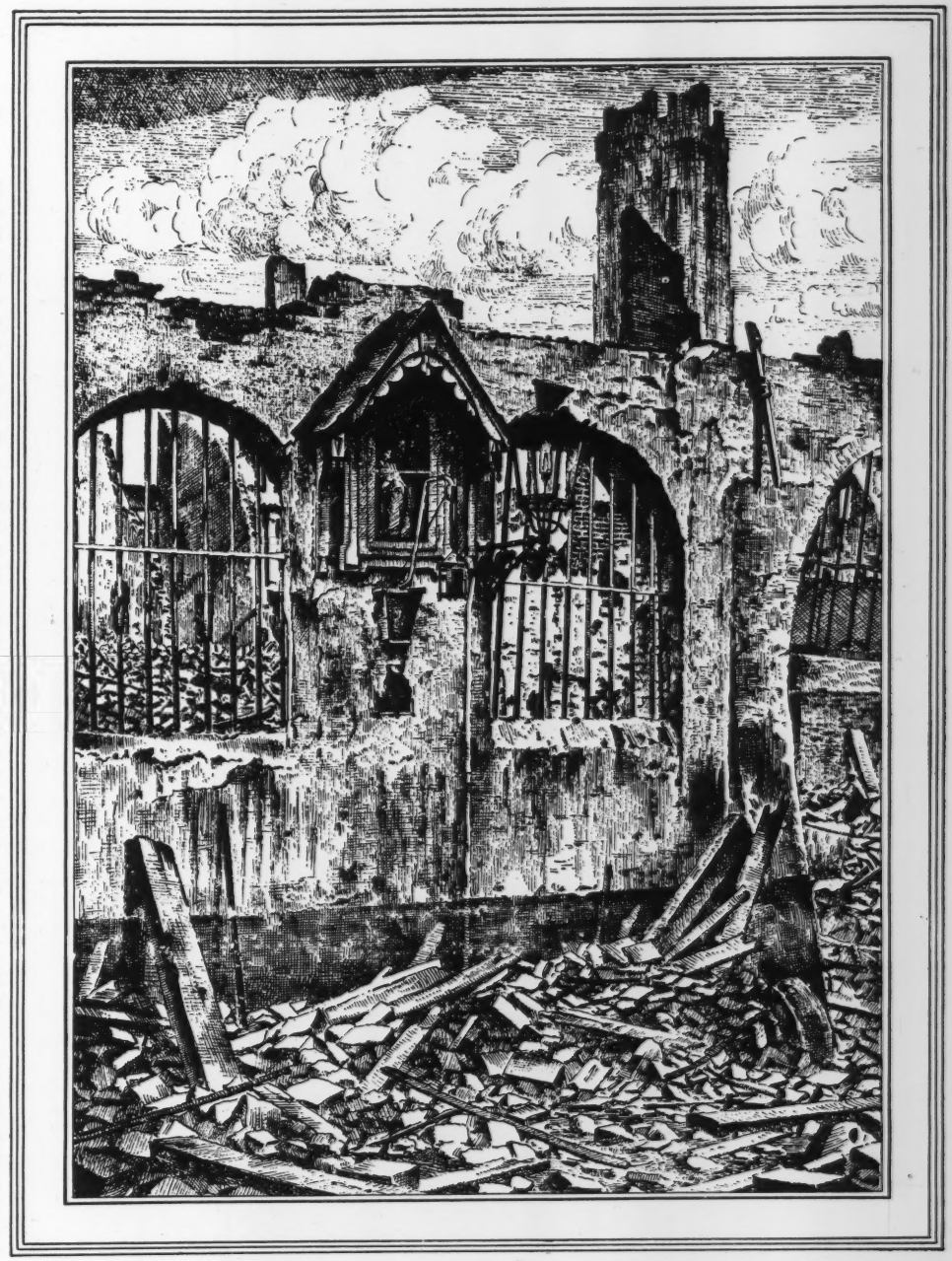
From **Highways and Byways in Nottinghamshire**
(*Macmillan*).

Houses in the Poultry, Nottingham.

CANADA IN KHAKI.

2s. 6d. net. (Pictorial Newspaper Co.)

A delightfully varied budget of nearly two hundred pages of stories, articles, poems, drawings and colour plates published for the Canadian War Records Office as a tribute to the Officers and men now serving in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. There are articles, among others, on "The Dominion at War," by Sir George Perley; "The Spirit of Heroism," by Sir Gilbert Parker and Captain T. G. Roberts; "The Coming of the Canadian," by Austin Harrison; "What the Germans think of Canada," by Francis Gribble; "Glorious Canada," by Horatio Bottomley; "Boy Scouts in Khaki," by Sir R. Baden-Powell; short stories and poems by Max Pemberton, Pett Ridge, Keble Howard, George Edgar, J. Bernard Fagan, Laurence Binyon, Adrian Ross, and drawings by Frank Reynolds, H. M. Bateman, John Hassall, G. E. Studdy, Charles Pears, Norman Morrow, Fred Pegram, and many another; the colour plates are by such artists as Byam Shaw, Lewis Baumer, Dudley Hardy, Harold Piffard; and in addition there is an excellent series of photographs illustrating scenes and incidents of the war. There have been several publications of this character, but "Canada in Khaki" is unquestionably It. The net profits from the sales are to go to the Canadian War Memorials Fund.



MALINES: UNE CHAPELLE.

From **Pictures of Ruined Belgium**

Seventy-two pen-and-ink sketches drawn on the spot by Louis Berden.

(*John Lane*).

THE HISTORY OF AN ATTRACTION.

By BASIL CREIGHTON. 5s. net. (Chatto.)

Readers who like a straightahead story of happenings will not get it in "The History of an Attraction." Indeed this is a book for those who enjoy, rather, analysis of emotions, subtle shades of feeling, and the leisurely production of an impression. The hero, Rayson, is young and self-conscious, and much inclined to keep his finger upon the pulse of his temperament, if one may so express it. The "attraction," Anita May, is even younger—fifteen at the beginning of the story—and of the kind to make such precautions necessary. The book is mainly concerned with the coming-together and holding-off, the holding-off and coming-together of these two rather abnormal persons. Incidentally, Rayson marries another girl, Janet, and there grows out of the marriage another and quite different set of emotions to be probed. The author is clever; the book, although it falls apart somewhat, is clever; the characters in the book are clever; and the end, though not conventionally "proper," is the inevitable and the happy one. The author's name is new to us, and if this is a first book it is an interesting beginning. If Mr. Creighton, using his power of self-criticism, will develop towards clarity, he will be worth meeting again.

XUM

From **Across Asia Minor on Foot** (*Blackwood*).

ZEITUN DURING RAIN.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY VENETIANS.

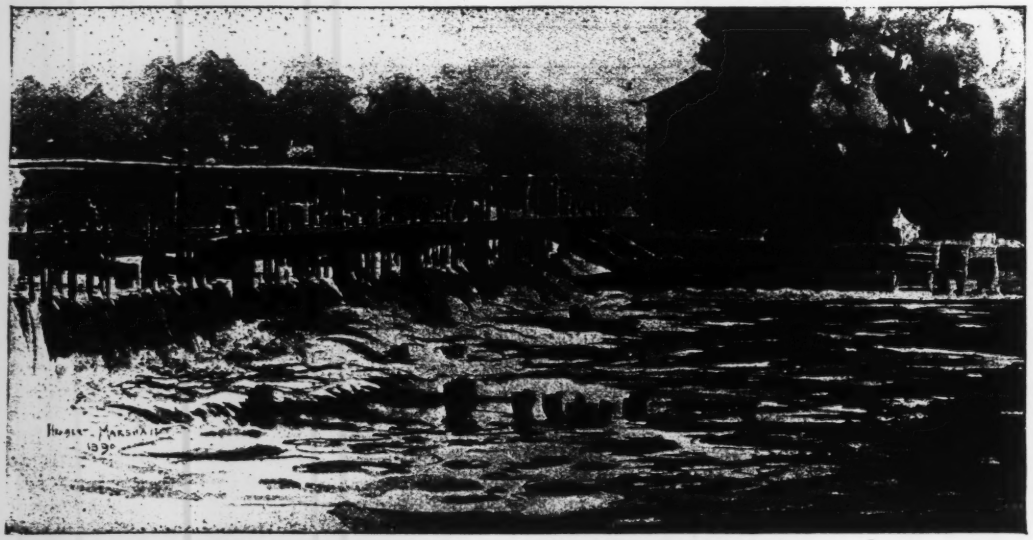
By BERNARD BERENSON. 12s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

Mr. Bernard Berenson, the well-known American art critic, has put much careful study into "Venetian Painting in America: the Fifteenth Century." It contains 110 full-page illustrations in black-and-white from representative works in public and private collections in the United States. But he cautions the public against mistaking it for a mere catalogue of Venetian paintings in America. "It is intended for much more than that, since in fact I have made the stray pictures in our collections the pretext for saying what I wanted to say about their authors in general." The frontispiece is a photogravure of the "Madonna" of Giovanni Bellini in the collection of the late Mr. Theodore M. Davis, which Mr. Berenson believes to be the earliest of this master's Madonnas now extant. Few artists, he remarks, made so much of hands as Bellini did. Montagna, Cima, Basaiti and Catena are among other artists of whom Mr. Berenson treats. Apart from having in view a possible book about Giovanni Bellini, he expects to supplement the present volume with another on the Sixteenth Century Venetians.

ACROSS ASIA MINOR ON FOOT.

By W. J. CHILDS. 15s. net. (Blackwood & Sons.)

Asia Minor has of late occupied a very prominent place in the minds of English folk, and will prove of still greater interest to us before long. This record of a tramp from Samsun on the Black Sea across the peninsula to Tarsus, Adana and Alexandretta, touching Amasia, Sivas, Kaisariyeh, Konia, Karaman, Aleppo on the way, a five months' tramp honestly made on foot, not by araba, is calculated to rouse envy in the heart of any honest reader. Mr. Childs had the advantage of knowing his country and its people pretty well, he was no gaping novice of a tourist, he knew what he wanted to see, and with what eyes he meant to look. And happily he has the gift to tell what he did and what he saw. There is just the happy mingling of the personal narrative and adventure with the sense of the historical and legendary interest and charm of this fascinating and hopeful land, and the writer's taste and erudition combine to spare any details that are trivial or out of keeping. He has something to say of the German work on the great Bagdad railway, suggesting the splendid sinister romance of the conception and its carrying out. He makes us see and become friendly with his guides, the stray people he meets and talks with, gives us a human, kindly picture of Turk and Greek and Armenian. Mr. Childs has given us a book that deserves a place on our shelves, not too far from Miss Gertrude Lowthian Bell.



From **Memories of Eton Sixty Years Ago** (*John Murray*).
From a drawing by Herbert Marshall.

BOVENEY WEIR, BEFORE THE REBUILDING IN 1914.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS.

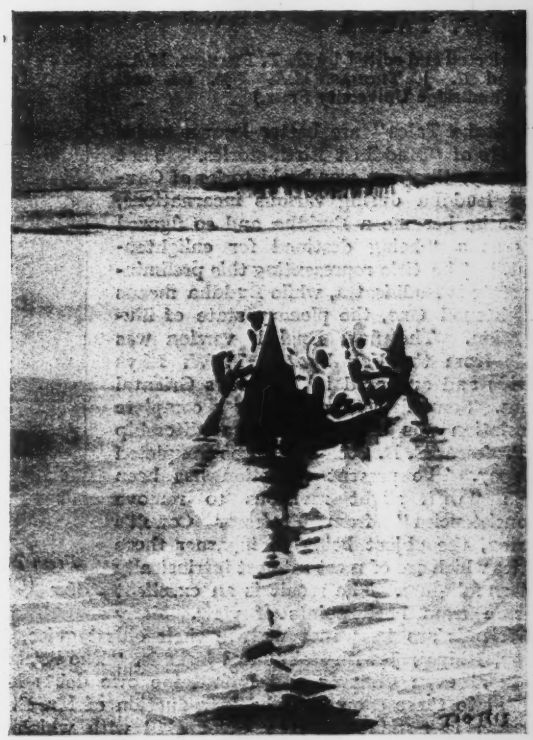
By Marjorie B. Cooke. 6s. (Jarrold.)

To readers of that charming story "Bambi" it is sufficient recommendation of "The Girl Who Lived in the Woods" to say that it is by the same author, and has the same delightful qualities of human sympathy and happy romance. Cecilia, the girl in the woods, her wise friend, the Judge, and the pleasant love story that is woven about these two make the chief interest of the book; but inseparable from theirs and not less attractive is the story of Anne and Richard whose marriage is being marred by riches, and is made perfect by poverty. It is all told very freshly and brightly; it has its moments of excitement, and is full of such gracious sentiment and quiet humour as make wholly enjoyable reading.

IN MESOPOTAMIA.

By Martin Swayne.
With illustrations in colour by the Author.
5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Books almost without number have been written about all the other fronts on which the war is raging, but so far we have had to rely on the newspapers only for any record of the fighting in Mesopotamia and on the long road to Bagdad. Mr. Martin Swayne has not described battles and the details of military operations, but his wonderfully graphic pictures of the country and its people give you a very full and definite idea of the bizarre loveliness of the place and the difficulties of climate and transport, the constant danger from disease and Arab treachery that hampered the great advance up the Tigris, and kept the expedition desperately occupied with more and more insidious enemies than the Turk could bring against it. You gather that Mr. Swayne is an officer in the R.A.M.C., and he tells of the fighting out there from that standpoint. He pays a great tribute to the hospital nurses: "It was a singular spot to find a large number of women, away up in that elemental country of fire and water and earth. But they remained untouched by any kind of pessimism, nor were they greatly interested in the campaign as a military affair. All their interest was in their work. They were a wonderful stimulus. Where a man unwittingly tended to let things slide they exhorted and energised. In details, they did not seem to show that gradual decadence that creeps imperceptibly over men when isolated and overworked." You are made to understand that tendency to let things slide in a parched, sun-smitten land where the dawn "comes as a sudden hot yellow behind the motionless palms"; and "after midday the world is a blinding glare and the intake of air seems to burn the lungs. . . . Through the double canvas roofing of a tent the sun beats down like a giant with a leaden club. The temperature in the wards increases. At the worst moments you feel distinctly that it would be possible, by giving way to something that escapes definition, to go off your head. A spirit of indifference to everything is necessary. Any kind of worry is simply a mode of suicide." It is the same influence that moulded the placid, lethargic Oriental temperament and "the attitude of mind that has produced the idea of Kismet." During the afternoon and evening the heat increases and affects one with "a kind of air hunger." In Mesopotamia is the traditional Garden of Eden; we are given two vivid and very interesting glimpses of it; there are some capital pen-pictures of Arabian life, and vignettes of native character, and always an easy narrative style and a shrewd, glancing humour which pleasantly remind us that the same hand wrote "Lord Richard in the Pantry." The author's delightful series of impressionistic sketches in water colour add much to the charm and the interest of the book.



From In Mesopotamia. By Martin Swayne. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **Arab Belum on Tigris**

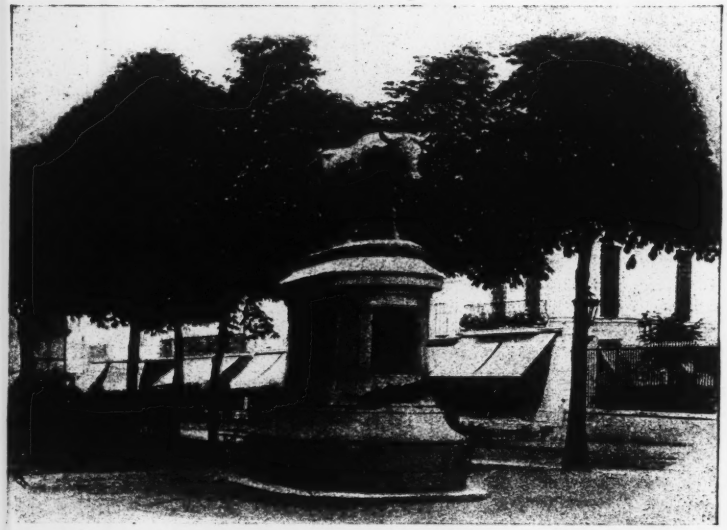
Reduced reproduction from a water-colour painting by Martin Swayne

From Grand Fleet Days. By the Author of "In the Northern Mists." (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) **Cover Design**

JĀTAKA TALES.

Selected and edited by H. T. FRANCIS, M.A., and E. J. THOMAS, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

"Jātaka Tales" are better known under the title of "Buddhist Birth-stories." That is to say, they are wonder-histories of Gautama Buddha during various incarnations, before he became a Buddha and so figured only as a "being destined for enlightenment." The title representing this preliminary state is Bodhisatta, while Buddha means Enlightened One, the plenary state of illumination. The first English version was made from the Pali by Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids and appeared in Trübner's Oriental Series. Some fifteen years later a complete translation was begun under the editorship of Professor E. B. Cowell and was completed in 1907. The present collection has been made "with slight revisions to remove inconsistencies" from Professor Cowell's version, the object being to ingarner those stories which are of most interest intrinsically and as folk-lore. The result is an excellent volume from both points of view. Many old friends are here met with in their oldest guise, for Æsop, Bidpaï, Jewish Rabbinical legends, "The Arabian Nights," even Chaucer and Lafontaine owe debts long unpaid to these sources. The Introduction of Mr. E. J. Thomas is notable for the quiet skill with which he disposes of various theories as to Jātaka origins. It has been held on high authority that Indian folk-tales originated with the Buddhists, but the bulk of these birth-stories is pre-Buddhistic, that is to say, of Brahmin origin, and was subsequently adopted by Buddhist or Jain editors. It has been held also that those Indian fables which are manifestly related to Æsop were literally derived from Æsop; but the Jātaka collection offers evidence that they existed in India much earlier than the Greek fabulist. Altogether, in the opinion of Mr. Thomas, it is too early to speak of a science of folk-tales, for not even a scientific method has been agreed upon. Meanwhile, we have these stories and can take them as such, things of grace and quaintness, things of delight, and things also of instruction, for at times there shines through them some rays of that high teaching which, it was believed, led to enlightenment and the Buddhist state. The passage in which Mr. Thomas draws attention to this fact is the most suggestive in his prefatory words.



From **Twentieth Century France** (*Chapman & Hall*).

MONUMENT TO ROSA BONHEUR.

From **Jātaka Tales** (*Cambridge University Press*).

KING MAKHĀDEVA FINDS A GREY HAIR.

LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE BLUE ROOM.

6s. net. (C. W. Daniel.)

These letters of an elder sister to her soldier brother come like a little peaceful oasis in war's desert of grief. Imbued with a quiet spirit of philosophy, they are full of homely touches which make them distinctly human and poignantly realistic. Pauline, the writer of the letters, is a fine type of English womanhood; her outlook on life is pure and courageously original. In her we find the dreamer, the idealist, the artist, but perhaps most of all the mother, for her correspondence is inspired with a profound compassion for suffering humanity. It is a book to make one think, for it deals with matters that concern us all deeply and intimately, and without aggression puts forward new ideas and suggests theories which may help us to arrive at a clearer understanding of the problems which obscure our path at present. A narrative about ordinary people in extraordinary times, while not attempting to preach or moralise, it yet contains a hidden lesson which many of us have learned already through bitterness and tears.

NAPOLEON AND THE ARTISTS.

By HAMIL GRANT. Eight Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

A request from an old friend in India to verify for him some expressions of Napoleon on matters literary and artistic, led Mr. Grant to delving in authorities, and this inspired him with the idea that a book might excusably be put together "treating of the temperamental side of Napoleon" as indicated by the great soldier's heredity, his education, his reading, his literary, dramatic and art leanings, and his religion, and now we have the result of his labours in an agreeably, gossipy, anecdotal collection of details dealing with Napoleon's heredity, his school-days, his tastes in drama and music, his associations with men and women of the theatre, his predilections in painting, sculpture, literature and his dealings with painters, sculptors and writers, his views on journalism, and his religious beliefs. It is not to be thought that Mr. Grant regards Napoleon as a dazzling superhuman creature; the interesting study of his family and heredity is a long way from the old theory, still not unwhispered among the electly occult, that Napoleon was the offspring of a demon, while the shrewd, egotistical political-mindedness of the Emperor is clearly displayed throughout his remarkably acute though inept judgments in artistic matters.

IVORY CARVING AT MURSHIDABAD
From **Bengal, Bihar and Orissa, Sikkim**
(*Cambridge University Press*).

BENGAL, BĪHAR AND ORISSA, SIKKIM.

By L. S. O'MALLEY. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This is the third volume in the admirable series of Provincial Geographies of India. Dealing as it does with a country which, though only one-ninth of the total area of India, is nearly as big as the German Empire and contains more than one-fourth of the population of the whole Indian Empire, it cannot fail to include matter of no little importance and interest. The triumph is that in so brief a compass there is presented a well-balanced account of this great territory historically, in its natural features of mountain, river, plain and coast, its vegetable, animal and mineral products with their probable and possible developments in the future, while the civilisation, art, religion, and destinies of the people are not omitted from the record. The memories of Clive and Warren Hastings are closely inwoven with the story of Bengal, and no better handbook could be recommended for anyone who desires acquaintance with a territory that is by name at least as familiar as his own garden.

THE HAPPY HERO.

With an Appreciation by JAMES DOUGLAS. 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

In this slender book is printed a letter that was written to his parents before the battle in which he fell by 2nd

PAULINE BONAPARTE, AS VENUS VICTRIX.
(By Canova).

From **Napoleon and the Artists**
(*Grant Richards*).

XUM

From The Happy Hero (*Nisbet*).

2ND LIEUT. ERIC LEVER TOWNSEND.

Lieutenant Eric Lever Townsend, of the 15th London Regiment. "In this letter," as Mr. James Douglas says in a finely sensitive appreciation, "the soul of a boy is like a holy place open to all comers"; a wonderful last message, it "bridges the gulf between any son and any mother, any son and any father." Written only a week before the action in which he was fatally wounded, it was enclosed in his will, to be opened only in the event of his death. It is a noble utterance, full of serenity and love and most perfect contentment. There is not a touch of sorrow for himself; there is infinite compassion for the father and mother who will feel his loss, and brave words that will comfort others in affliction as they must have comforted them.

TALES OF THE SCOTS.

By JESSIE PATRICK FINDLAY. 8d. net. (Eneas Mackay.)

It has been said of Hector Bœce or Boyce, who was principal of King's College, Aberdeen, about four centuries ago, that his falsehoods were as the waves of the sea or

From Tales of the Scots (*Eneas Mackay*).

"THEY WERE DRAGGED FORWARD."

the stars for number. His "Scottish Chronicle" was written in Latin and published in Paris; but John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray, translated it into the Scottish vernacular by command of James V. for the benefit of those of his nobles who had "missed their Latin." Now in a paper-covered volume, "Tales of the Scots," Jessie Patrick Findlay re-tells in a form designed for children some of the picturesque episodes of the Chronicle. She goes not to Bellenden but to the English translation of Bœce's work by the estimable Hollinshed, from which Shakespeare derived the plot and some of the incidents of "Macbeth." The six tales in the book are admirably retold, and should be useful in imparting to the rather severely practical Scottish child mind a notion of the romance and legend of their native land. They are illustrated in the true spirit by Margaret Ross.

From Russia and the World (*Cassell*).

"GO, FOR YOUR COUNTRY."

Russian mother giving a cross to her son to wear when going to the War.

Anderson Photo.

From **A Great Emperor** (*Stanley Paul*).

EMPRESS ISABEL, WIFE OF CHARLES V.
By Titian.

RUSSIA AND THE WORLD.

By STEPHEN GRAHAM. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

RUSSIA IN 1916.

By STEPHEN GRAHAM. 2s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Mr. Stephen Graham has revised and enlarged his volume "Russia and the World," first published two years ago; and almost at the moment of publication his book is put, in a sense, out of date by the astounding events of the last few weeks. Only in a sense, however, is it out of date; for in essentials the book remains an invaluable commentary upon the life of our great Ally. Its spirit is the spirit of new Russia, not of the old, and it gains very perceptibly by being read, after the event, as a fulfilment instead of as a mere anticipation.

Mr. Graham differs altogether from those whom we may call the English encyclopædists of Russia. He does not concern himself with the statistical aspect of the country. He deals not with the body and mechanism of Russia, but with the informing spirit; and his double gift of understanding and interpretation makes him, at the moment, a writer of unusual value to the millions of us who have to form impressions at second hand. As an antidote to the poison of the plausible and undeclared apologists for the old régime, who first caught the English ear, his books are a national asset.

The second volume, like the first, is a collection of short papers; and, as we have formerly remarked in these columns, Mr. Graham is best when briefest. The self-consciousness that gave some earlier pages of his an air of affectation has now disappeared, and he writes with a firmness and frankness wholly admirable.

Mr. Graham's general attitude is very clearly indicated in a chapter of the first volume, called "Distrust of Russia

From **The Closed Door**
By Jean de Bosschère.
With 16 Illustrations by the Author and an Introduction by May Sinclair. The poems are printed in their original French, with an English translation by F. S. Flint.
(*John Lane*).

JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE.
A portrait.
Drawn by himself.

A COPY OF A PICTURE
Drawn by Toyokuni.

From **The Geisha Girl**
(*Werner Laurie*).

A COPY OF A PICTURE
Drawn by Utamaro.

XUM

From On Two Fronts (*Heinemann*).

CLERK MANGAT RAI IN HIS DUG-OUT AT ANZAC.

or Friendship with Russia." Here he faces frankly the serious doubts that troubled many men of liberal tendencies in England and strengthened the hesitations of many sincere friends in America—doubts about the propriety of too close an alliance with a government quite unrepentant of a past that no pretence could disguise or explain away. His view of the matter would be spoiled by a brief summary and must be read in its proper place. This at least can be said, that the Revolution has more than justified his faith in Russia.

In some future publication he will doubtless tell us much that we do not know about the great upheaval. Let us read carefully the signs of the times. The apostles of Legitimacy have powerful ways and means of influencing public opinion. Remember 1789. Those who were at first so enthusiastic in welcoming the French Revolution were presently found defending a twenty years' war, which had many pretexts, but which had one unchanging purpose, namely, the suppression of popular government and the restoration of uncontrolled autocracy. It was alleged that we were fighting for liberty; but the liberty that we helped to triumph in 1815 was not the liberty of peoples, but the liberty of Divine Right to enslave without hindrance, the liberty of Metternich and the Holy Alliance. We fought, in short, to impose the Bourbons upon France as the Bourbons had fought to impose the Stuarts upon England. What happened once may be attempted again. The foes of freedom are found in every age and every country. Russia stands to-day where France stood in 1789. Let the England of to-day be warned by the England of those old unhappy times.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

From Mud and Khaki By Vernon Bartlett (which Messrs. Simpkin Marshall are publishing).

COVER DESIGN.

From For France Written by Capt. A. J. Dawson Drawn by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

"ALL HOPE ABANDON YE WHO TRY TO ENTER HERE."

FOR FRANCE.

Written by CAPTAIN A. J. DAWSON. Drawings by CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

France inspired this book—or rather that great spirit of France which is an inspiration to whoever comes within its influence. "No other claim is made for the pictures drawn and written," says Captain Dawson, "than that they are a record of a few of the entirely independent and unbiased opinions formed by two English officers who were very kindly permitted by the French authorities to see something of the French Army in the field." There are glowing and moving pictures of the heroism and unshakeable endurance of the French in such chapters as "The Spirit of the Army," "Paul Dupont, Grocer," "A Commonplace Soldier of France," "Endurance founded on a Rock," and a dozen others, and no stories finer than those of the 3rd Battalion d'Afrique that catch you between laughter and tears in "The Joyous Ones." But Captain Dawson does not forget the French women who make up "a fighting line behind that French fighting line which the Bosches know"; nor does he forget the older men

and other civilians left to carry on civilian business, for "the French people are not merely *at* war. They are *in* the war. Each man and woman, for all he has and is, is pledged to the service of the Allied cause." A profoundly interesting book, steeped in the humours and tragedies of the war, and one that helps you to understand the French people, and to understand why the civilised world holds them in such love and admiration. Captain Bairnsfather's characteristic drawings, whether whimsical or in more serious vein, add enormously to the interest and attractiveness of the volume.

THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE.

By Stanley Washburn. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

A parallel in the air to the German undersea atrocity of sinking hospital ships is related by Mr. Stanley Washburn in "The Russian Offensive." Speaking of enemy flyers who took to playing highwaymen on the roads, he states that on the road to Lutsk in August last an enemy aviator planed down just above the lines of slow-moving ambulances, which with their canvas tops are unmistakable, and with his machine gun killed twenty wounded. "People frequently express surprise," adds the correspondent, "that so many Austrians are taken prisoners and so few Germans." His own opinion is that it is largely because the Germans have made themselves so hated by the Russians that after a successful attack they are not in the mood to take any prisoners. This is the third volume of "Field Notes from the Front" by the special correspondent of *The Times* with the Russian armies, and covers the period from June 5th to September 1st, 1916. Something further is wanted by way of explaining the shortage of munitions to which the Russian retreat is ascribed. Perhaps in his next volume, free of the restraints of the old regime in Russia, Mr. Washburn will tell the exact truth. With regard to the offensive, he places the total enemy loss of effective strength at three-quarters of a million. The Russian losses were relatively unimportant, and "it is safe to say that Russia could continue with similar losses for five years and still not be drained."

From **Russia in 1916** (*Cassell*).

RUSSIA'S 1916 WAR PICTURE.
By Michael Nesterof.

"The trial is in battle,
The trial is in struggle,
But the highest trial is in patience,
Love and Prayer."

A SOLDIER'S MEMORIES.

By Major-General Sir George Younghusband. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

This is not an autobiography, but that most enjoyable sort of book, a budget of capital stories about all sorts of well-known people held together by the personal recollections of a gallant soldier who has had a distinguished career and known many of the most famous men and women of his time. We heartily congratulate Sir George Younghusband and his readers on a thoroughly interesting and entertaining volume,

From **The Russian Offensive** (*Constable*).

AUSTRIAN PRISONERS.

THE LIGHT IN THE UPPER STOREY.

By FLORENCE WARDEN. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Since the war broke out the German Spy has proved a source of unlimited ideas for the novelist: and many and varied are the plots he has agitated. At the present time you naturally think of him at once when your eye falls on the title of Miss Florence Warden's new novel, "The Light in the Upper Storey." What part the spy plays in this dramatic story it will repay you to discover for yourself, as Miss Warden knows how to tell an exciting tale without letting the interest flag for a moment. All that need be disclosed here is that when the heroine becomes engaged to Major Clowes, a lean grave soldier, forty-eight years of age, certain conditions are agreed upon between

From The Light in the Upper Storey (*Ward, Lock*).

GERALDA STOOD WITHIN, HOLDING A CANDLE HIGH ABOVE HER HEAD.

them which pique the reader's curiosity. The dramatic events which follow keep the story swinging briskly along to a satisfactory conclusion.

From Miss Haroun Al-Raschid (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

COVER DESIGN.

CARMEN'S MESSENGER.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Readers of Mr. Harold Bindloss's new story, "Carmen's Messenger," may be disposed to complain that Carmen Austin is a shadowy figure in the plot to which she gives the title. Canada, Scotland and Northumberland all enter into the scenes of this plot. In the Dominion the record begins with a mysterious death, on the second page, the

From Carmen's Messenger (*Ward, Lock*).

WAITING IN AN AGONY OF SUSPENSE SHE SAW WALTERS GRASP HIS SHOULDERS.

only son of the factory-owner at Gardner's Crossing in North Ontario being found in his office with a bullet-hole in his head. That he had been robbed and killed is the supposition on which the story depends; and Jake Foster on a trip to the Old Country is made the vehicle of a packet containing stolen bonds. Of course he knows nothing of the contents, but is merely obliging Carmen Austin, the leader of society at Gardner's Crossing, by delivering this packet in Edinburgh. Jake meets in Scotland the sister of his partner in the Canadian sawmill, and it is rather around those two that the romance centres. Jake's business is to run the gang of swindlers to earth; and incidentally the principal villain, after fighting him on a train while crossing a bridge, falls off and disappears into the river beneath. A vigorously written and exciting romance, "Carmen's Messenger" will appeal successfully to that large public which delights in a good story.

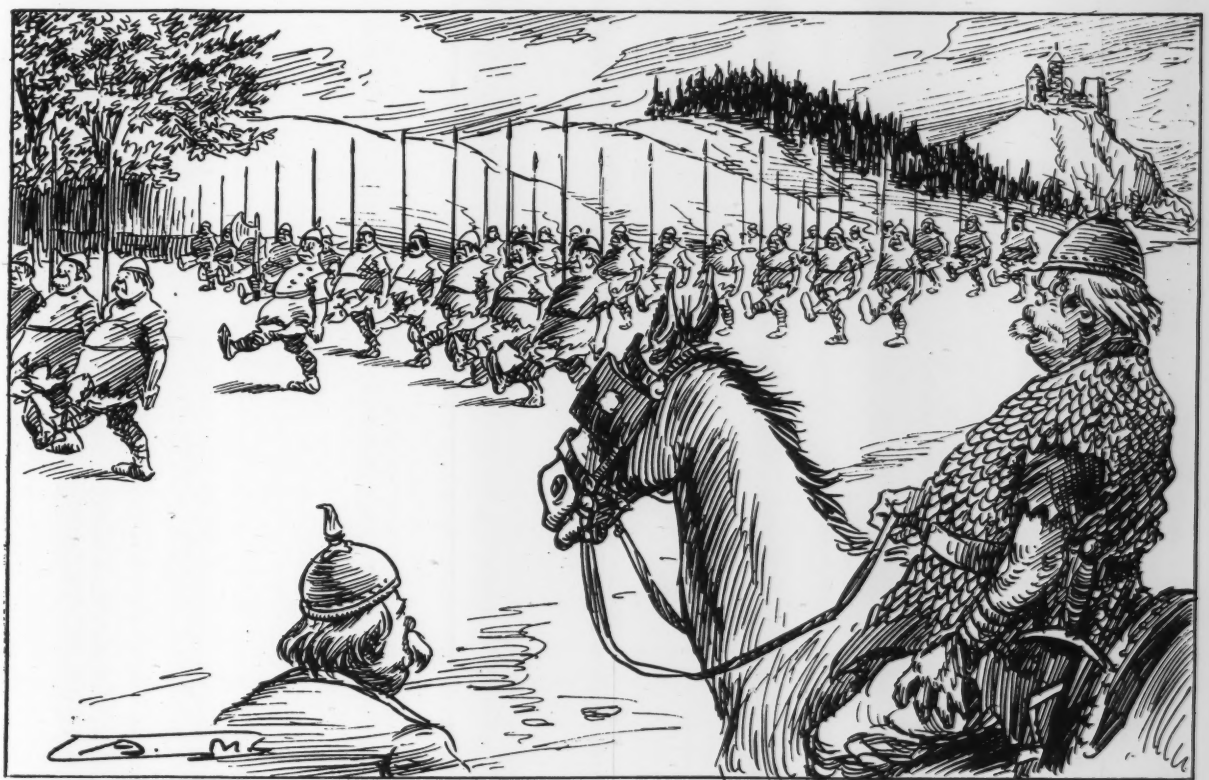
From **Behind the German Veil** (*Hutchinson*).

ZEPPELIN IN LONDON.
Lord Nelson descending from his column to hide in the Underground Railway. From a German drawing.

MISS HAROUN AL-RASCHID.

By JESSIE DOUGLAS KERRUISH. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Jessie Douglas Kerruish is fortunate in having set the scene of this, her first novel (with which she has won the First Prize in Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's 1,000 Guineas Prize Novel Competition), in a country which is attracting a great deal of attention at the present time—Mesopotamia. So "Miss Haroun Al-Raschid" makes her appearance at an opportune moment; and those who are attracted by the book because it is a Prize Novel and because it is about Mesopotamia, will surely find their expectations of reading something well out of the ordinary run of novels fully realised. The story itself is a wonderful bit of construction; one does not realise until the latter half of it how each apparently casual event in the earlier half has had a deeper significance than appeared on the



From **The History of the Hun** (*Cecil Palmer & Hayward*).
By Arthur Moreland.

HERMANN INTRODUCES THE GOOSE STEP, A.D. 20

CAPTAIN BRIAN BROOKE,
whose "Poems" have just been published by Mr. John Lane. The book is illustrated, and has a Foreword by Miss M. P. Willcocks.

surface; it can almost be likened to a fascinating jig-saw puzzle—the incidents being gradually fitted into each other until a perfect whole is made. It is quite impossible to give any adequate idea of the absorbing plot in the short space at our disposal, but a vague notion of what the tale is about may be gleaned from the facts that Rathia Jerningham (who tells the story) travels with her father in Mesopotamia in the year 189— with the object of assisting him in his search for "buried treasure." They are both keen Assyriologists—people who "dig in Asiatic Turkey for wrecked and buried towns of Ancient Assyria and Babylonia." Rathia's father is an Englishman who married a native of Upper Assyria; and so, in Rathia's nature we get the blend of East and West. Her Eastern knowledge of the language and customs of the country helps to get her out of several tight corners in the course of her exciting career; though these would have been of little use had she not had wit and great courage; whether it was the East or West that gave her these two gifts we make no attempt to guess. It needs a heroine of more than ordinary mettle to consent to act the part of a corpse, and allow herself to be nailed up in a coffin! But this act saves the lives of a whole community of people, and it is described with intense realism by the author. It is a stirring story, full of fine bits of descriptive writing and skilful character portrayals; and the crowning seal of its success is the keen sense of humour displayed by the author throughout the book. The plot is not an easy one to tell, but Miss Kerruish has the gift of doing difficult things in an easy manner, and in this first novel of hers has achieved a complete and unique success. May this book be the forerunner of many from her talented pen.

Photo by Bantock, Thetford. CAPT. H. W. V. TEMPERLEY,
author of "A History of Serbia," which Messrs G. Bell & Sons are publishing.

MR. ISAAC F. MARCOSSON,
Author of "The War after the War" (John Lane).

THE WAR AFTER THE WAR.

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON. 5s. net.
(John Lane.)

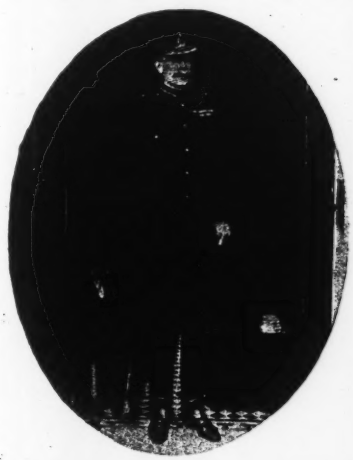
Is a timely and important book, dealing with the trade war that will begin when the present war ends. Mr. Marcosson, the most brilliant living writer on business matters, has met the leading men responsible for the re-arrangement of international commercial relations and has gathered his facts—startling enough facts some of them—at first hand in England and France. It is not a peaceful

or a comfortable future that Mr. Marcosson foreshadows, but it is a future we have got to face, and all who are concerned in the world-wide economic struggle that is preparing will find much of helpful suggestion in this stimulating volume. Vigorously and attractively written, it is the most fascinating book we have read on a big business topic.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY HALLAM PARR.

By Sir Charles Fortescue-Bricklade. 15s. net. (Unwin.)

"The beau ideal of everything an English soldier and a gentleman should be," is the tribute of General Sir Leslie Rundle to Major-General Sir Henry Hallam Parr, whose Recollections and Correspondence have been edited by Sir Charles Fortescue-Bricklade. A fine sportsman, a keen observer, a charming letter-writer, Sir Hallam Parr was above all a soldier. Born in 1847, his ancestry teemed with soldiers, and at the age of thirty-eight he was himself full Colonel. The book gives a very complete account of his services in many parts of the Empire. He was Military Secretary to Sir Bartle Frere, of whose recall he says: "The man who could have pacified South Africa and made peace between two sturdy peoples (who had got to learn to live together) was lost to her." Of Cetewayo, Kruger, and the Empress Eugenie, among others, there are interesting recollections. Parr was wounded in Egypt when commanding mounted infantry under Garnet Wolseley in 1882. In 1886 he became acting Sirdar and issued orders to Lord Kitchener at Suakin for the operations against the Dervishes in that neighbourhood. At the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 he attended the Americans, including Mr. Whitelaw Reid and General Nelson Miles; and he notes: "My American charges . . . are all very polite, and have a great manner — very grand and ceremonious." Sir Hallam died in April, 1914, and two of his sons, accounts of whom are appended to this delightful volume, have died in the service of their country.



From Major-General Sir Henry Hallam Parr (*Fisher Unwin*).

Major-General Sir Henry Hallam Parr.

ALFRED LYTTELTON: AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

By Edith Lyttelton. 12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

This is one of the ablest and most striking biographies that recent years have brought us. Its record of Lyttelton's career at Eton and Cambridge, as a cricket and tennis player, as barrister and politician, is full of interest, but even more interesting is the intimate story of that part of his life of which the world at large has known little or nothing until now. It is easy after reading this book to understand why Alfred Lyttelton won the affection as well as the admiration of everybody who knew him. Mrs. Lyttelton is to be congratulated on having written a biography that is so exquisitely unreserved, so beautifully frank that it reveals the finely human side of the man and thus interprets the secret of his personal charm.

Photo by T. M. Flint, Catford. **Mr. F. C. Owlett,**

whose volume of war poems, "Kultur and Anarchy," has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

From Alfred Lyttleton (*Longmans*).

Alfred and Fisc on the Stoep at Great College Street.

The Central News, Ltd. STORES BURNING AT THE EVACUATION OF SUVLA BAY.

From **The Immortal Gamble.**
By Acting Commander A. T. Stewart, R.N., and the Rev. C. J. E. Peshall, Chaplain R.N.
(*A. & C. Black*).

THE LESS FAMILIAR KIPLING AND KIPLINGANA.

By C. F. MONKSHOOD. 5s. net. (Jarrold.)

This is a book about Kipling that no Kipling lover should miss. It tells of "some of the less familiar but still interesting or entrancing phases" of his life and work—of his earliest work, of the first appearance in London of "Plain Tales from the Hills," for instance, of which the booksellers would order only sixteen copies, and it gives extracts from and much information about Kipling writings that are forgotten or now inaccessible. There are some notes on Kipling's school-books, original manuscripts and other personal matter, and facsimile reproductions of the covers of early and rare editions of some of his books.

Photo by Devereux. DONALD HANKEY, 1904.

From **A Student in Arms. Second Series.**
(*Andrew Melrose*).

THE COW AND MILK BOOK.

By the HON. MRS. LIONEL GUEST. 1s. net. (Bodley Head.)

At the present time when milkmaids and dairy-farming are of even more than usual importance a book like "The Cow and Milk Book," by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, should prove invaluable, and a copy should certainly be placed in the hands of every one volunteering for dairy-farm work. The book is ably written in a straightforward and clear manner, and contains useful information regarding farming, the care of milk, housing cattle, choosing a dairy cow, raising calves, washing and feeding cattle, dehorning, milking, and the cow's various complaints, etc. The chapter on the care of milk should appeal to every reader. It is so important an article of food and yet, as the author of the book says, "there is possibly less understanding of milk and its care than of any other food." Nowadays, when the food problem looms so large before us, it behoves each one of us to learn all we can about this most important subject of milk. "The Cow and Milk Book" is opportune and deserves a record sale.

THIS IS THE END.

By STELLA BENSON. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

This is a book that will put fresh heart into even the most jaded of novel readers; a book that should carry its author far on the road that all first-class writers wish to traverse. It is a brilliant piece of work. Miss Benson has the rare gift of being able to make vividly interesting any subject she chooses to talk about, or rather write about, though talk seems the more fitting term, because of the delightful, intimate way in which the author's personality appears to become entangled in everything said and done in the book. Jay, who is the her——, the word was nearly out, but suppressed just in time, as we have the author's statement for it that Jay is *not* the heroine. "I want to introduce you to Jay, a bus conductor and an idealist," she writes. "She is not the heroine, but the most constantly apparent woman in this book. I cannot introduce you to a heroine because I have never met one. She was a person who took nothing in the world for granted, but as she had only a slight connection with the world, that is not saying very much. Her answer to everything was 'Why?'" The plot is slight, but quite sufficient to thread together the handful of exquisitely drawn character sketches the story contains; each one is a perfect gem in itself—Cousin Gustus and his wife the lady novelist, Mr. Russell and his Hound—to say nothing of Mrs. Russell—Kew (Jay's brother), Mrs. Dusty Morgan, the Top Floor Chap, Mrs. 'Ero Edwardes, and of course Jay herself. Miss Benson has a delicious sense of humour, and her way of describing people and things is most refreshing. With her sympathy, her realism, her wit and ability, it would seem that Miss Benson's possibilities are limitless, and we look forward with great pleasure to the publication of her next book. In the world of books and bookmakers writers with gifts such as hers are few and far between.

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